The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Vol. 5, No. 33

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

TERMS : { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Whole No. 241

Around Town.

I reckon the world is not fond of petticoat

A man cannot excite the respect of his neighbors by permitting himself to be known as "hen-pecked." The able-bodied man who lives on his wife, whether she inherited her money or makes it by exercise of her ability or ingenuity, is properly despised. We know this sort of people in Canada as petticoat pensioners, and further down the scale they are known by a still ruder name.

In England it seems to be the fashion for women to intrude into politics, either offering their services to denounce some wicked man or cheerfully mounting the hustings to advocate the election of their husbands. Henry M. Stanley, no doubt a great explorer, cynical people have suspected of being a good deal of a fakir. For my part, I cannot conceive of a man permitting his wife to go around with him advocating his election to Parliament. Mrs. Stanley, nee Dorothy Tennant, is no doubt a charming woman and a loving wife, but when her husband permits her to be pelted with cabbages by dirty-talking coatermongers in order that he may get a seat in the British House of Commons, he sacrifices the last vestige of a hero. All his campaigns in the jungle have become of no account as he dodges behind his wife's petticoats and permits her to stand on the hustings and proclaim his greatness. A woman should always speak well of her husband and the majority of them do it whether the husband deserves it or not, but to become an active partizan and sponsor and figuratively speaking to stand with her arm around his neck and point him out as a fit and proper person for election, is abhorrent to me. It makes everybody laugh to see spoony young couples parading their affection for one another in a railway train or hotel dining-room. Is it any wonder costermongers throw cabbages and shout and tear the doors off the carriage when the virility of uncultured English manhood is appealed to in this petticoat fashion? I esteem the manhood of the candidate who so peremptorily refused the services of Lady Somerset. He might have been successful if she had gone about denouncing Sir Charles Dilke but it would have been at the sacrifice of his manhood and his decency. If politics ever come to the point when women are to dictate on the platform as to matters of private character, we may succeed in excluding the roue from public life but our statutes books will be filled with molly-coddling legislation and grand motherly enactments.

While it was a rarity the public could endure Lady Churchill kissing a red-faced butcher and thereby procuring his vote for her husband, but the frequency of this sort of business is evidently becoming irksome to the British public. Imagine Mrs. Dorothy Tennant-Stanley standing before an uproarious mob, scream ing at the top of her voice that her husband's name would be remembered when everyone within the sound of her voice was dead, and bursting out crying in true feminine fashion because men laughed at her. Conjure up the spectacle of the African explorer red in the face with vociferating that his wife was descended from Oliver Cromwell, and by implication suggesting that for that reason he should be elected. For my part I don't blame the costermongers. I think their noise and riot is more English, more masculine, in better taste than these public exhibitions of wifely devotion which are proper enough in the boudoir seemly in public. The English but are not people seem to be of this opinion also, for Stanley, Chamberlain, et al of this ilk, have been defeated.

Talking about grandmotherly legislation, Sir John Thompson and Sir Oliver Mowat seem to be rivaling one another in their effort to spoon-feed the people of Canada. Culy those who have studied Sir John's new criminal procedure can understand what a roaring farce more than half of it is. Only those who have watched the discussion in Parliament have the faintest conception of the vast amount of absurdity which was eliminated during the discussion. Hanging for sheep stealing was nothing compared with some of the dreadful things he proposed to do to people. Then look at Sir Oliver's Cigarette act, which is intended to correct the habits of the young as regards the use of tobacco. Since Dominion Day it has become law in this province that all persons under eighteen years of age are prohibited from buying, using, or having tobacco in their possession, and those who sell or give it to them are liable to heavy fines. These two gentlemen are evidently taking the parental slipper into their own hands. Jointly they should frame a Spanking act intended to prevent the squalling of babies, the chewing of gum and refusal to take the matutinal bath. Enactments should be provided for the imment of boys who insist on sliding down hill to the damage of their trowsers, and for the making of dreadful examples of girls who let their stockings sag around their ankles. By proper attention to these domestic details the responsibility of parents may be greatly decreased. All they will have to do shall be to provide nourishment and raiment for their offspring; the policemen will do the rest. What a delightful vista is opened for the coming parent when the Kodak theory of parental responsibility is perfected. They will bring the child into the world; the police magistrate will do the rest.

For the last four or five years I have been

continually calling attention to this proxy their gowns torn, will not add to the gentle system. The perfection of public schools has endowed the state with the right of even compulsory education. So far we could not quarrel with the idea of government. Unfortunately so many parents were unable to educate their children or even contribute to their education in a technical sense, that to prevent illiteracy the state was forced to invest itself with proper powers. Following in the wake of this, Sunday schools, imitating the Catholic example, relegated the religious education of the child to what may be called professional teachers. The mother, no longer feeling called upon to tell the sweet story of Christ's sacrifice to the child at her knee, had more time to devote to pleasure and the designing of new gowns for herself and offspring. The father, relieved of his teaching duties, could spend more time at the club or in that odd mixture of secular and religious work designed to benefit the heathen and extend the tenets of have excited great enthusiasm. The idea of his denomination. There is a general outcry teaching school children something of Canada's

influence which the mother exercises in home life. Will husbands be as gentle to their wives or think of them as a divinity but little lower than the angels when they go about haranguing mobs and scratching the faces of costermongers? Are we not giving into the hands of the state those delicate and most important tasks which mothers and fathers should attend to, and supplying to the

The Dominion Day celebrations throughout the province were such as to lead us to believe that that much-neglected phase of education, a national idea, is every year receiving increased attention. Flag raisings and national celebrations were numerous and everywhere seem to

Much disturbance seems to have been created by the hauling down of a Yankee flag from a Wiarton hen-house. At least this is the way that newspapers put it which consider it unimportant what sentiment it manifested on our national day. If it be a proper thing for the people to gather together on the anniversary of Confederation and raise a flag, it is not a very wicked thing for them to gather together and haul one down if it be the flag idle and ambitious methods of obtaining excite-ment and notoriety neither beautiful nor beneare eager to find excuse for making mischief, but when reputable citizens in an orderly manner take occasion to impress a neighbor with the fact that, think as he may, the truth remains that as long as they have emotions and muscles it must be made evident that this is a British country and a British flag shall wave over it, what fault can be found with their conduct? If it should ever happen that the British flag means to us oppression or commercial bondage this readiness to uplift it and this readifor more religious teaching in the schools. origin and the necessity of a grand Canadian | ness to tear down another may be changed, but

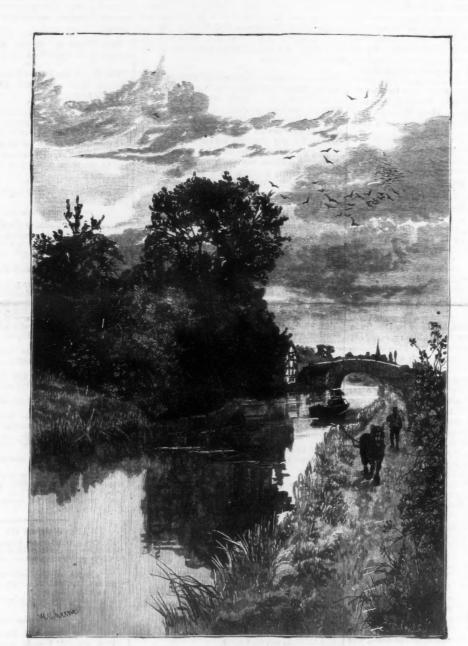
has done a very great injury and Sir Oliver Mowat should bring his spiked club down on Mr. Ballantyne's partizan head at the earliest. possible moment.

Talk as we may of fraternity of feeling, I magine the English speaking Canadians are not sorry to learn from the last census bulletin issued by Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, that our French-speaking fellow man and brother is not becoming more numerous in Canada. It appears that we have 3,385,-421 English-speaking, and 1,415,090 of French-speaking people. The English have increased by 386,000 during the past ten years and the French by only 111,000. As they are more than a quarter of the entire population the ratio of increase is seen in the fact that they do not have twenty-five per cent. of the total gain. In Quebec of course they have made the greatest progress, while in Manitoba and New Brunswick they have also made a slight advance. In Ontario they have lost 71, but under the fatherly care of Sir Oliver Mowat their political importance has been vastly

A curious phase presented by the statistics is that we can only account for the presence amongst us of 29,699 emigrants, though emigration statistics led us to believe that 886,177 Europeans settled in this. country during the decade. The emigrants that passed through this country during that period ran up into the millions and our emigration department was not thought overstating it when they made the claim of having detained this small number. As a matter of fact less than five per cent. of the claim is justified by the census. Perhaps we are not missing much, yet as a rule the emigrants who come by the northern route and pass through Canada are a very desirable class. How is it they do not like Canada? One reason, no doubt is that it is a colony and many of those depart. ing from the old lands are seeking the ideal government—the republic. No doubt they may discover their mistake and some of them return to our land, but in the meantime we are missing them. Then, too, our grandmotherly legislation, which insists that everyone must think like Sir John Thompson or Sir Oliver Mowat or Principal Caven, and a few more of our select men and leaders, is making it very uncomfortable for foreigners in this country. It may be all right; our remnant may be worth more than the millions who pass by our door, yet unless the newspapers are enormous liars and election courts intended to magnify trifling sins, unless penitentiaries and jails are detaining honest people from their ordinary tasks, we are not achieving the good results which should flow from the grouping together in Canada of none but awfully good people. The problem presented to us by the figures is worth considering.

That awful incident at Homestead, Pa., where Pinkerton detectives and locked out employees fought like flends and killed one another as cheerfully as soldiers could have done on the field of battle, is an example of the length to which capitalists will go when determined to overpower their men. Carnegie, the proprietor of the mills, is many times over a millionaire and he sometimes does the philanthropic act, but his system is to screw down wages to the lowest point, no matter what hap pens to anybody but himself. The United States Congress has undertaken to examine into the system of permitting detectives of this sort to be employed by capitalists, and it is to be hoped that a stop shall be put to it. If regular police and the soldiery of a country cannot keep the peace, these private organizations, apparently responsible to no one, should not be entrusted with the task. While we cannot but be sorry for those who have been killed and wounded. yet nothing has ever been accomplished without the shedding of blood, and this bloody fray will surely be the last chapter in which Pinkerton's men will be permitted to figure as the brutal arbitrators between labor and capital.

The many drowning accidents in the bay, all of them apparently the result of carelessness or recklessness, indicate that boys and young people despite the warnings of their elders take chances which may always be expected to result in a large percentage of deaths. The youngster nowa-days seems to believe that he knows more than his parents and pursues adventure regardless of consequences. The boy Adams, who has excited the wonder of the country for a couple of weeks, is another example of the youth who gets himself and his friends into trouble. His ambition was evidently to be a "freak," and instead of staying at home nights thought himself smart to fool his father and go to Hamilton-slipping back home before daylight. There he picked up bad company and developed into an extraordinarily clever liar. Parents are at least partially responsible for the demoralization of children. Youngsters. are let have altogether too much of their own way, are permitted to go out nights and take excursions unattended by those who should watch over the thoughtless and immature. Boys who are unable to handle a boat take girls out on the bay and drowning accidents result, sometimes a fate even worse brings sor-row to a home. What are the parents doing who let those who are really not much better than children have so much latitude? Without being old-fogyish or too severe, young folks should be made to understand that liberty to



THE OLD TOW PATH.

Even the careless parent is observing that the | ambition, is remarkably new. We have so care- | history gives us no example in Canada of any neglect in providing parental precept and example is having its effect. Of course parents are not impressed with the idea that they ought to do some of this sort of thing themselves. They feel that the school teacher ought to do it, that there is too much long division and too little divinity taught in the schools. Grandmother Thompson and Grandmother Mowat having assumed the slipper and the policeman having become the guardian of childish habits with respect to liquor and tobacco, the nursery business should be extended to the Fire Brigade, who could no doubt be profitably employed in their spare moments in washing the knees of the school children and giving dirty little boys their bath before going to bed. I think the whole business would be laughable if it were not an indication of that outrageous and fool-idea that good boys and good girls, and good men and good women are to be made by statute.

It has often been said, and I most cheerfully acquiesce in the truth of the saying, that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. There is no doubt in the world that women make us what we are. Surely the enlargement of the feminine sphere, which shows that little boys will

proxy system has not yet been perfected, that fully avoided that bombast and spread-eagle-ism characteristic of Fourth-of July "doings" in the United States, that we have gone to the other extreme and taken for granted, in the rude and commonplace way in which some men and some women take for granted, instead of giving expression to, domestic affection, and our national life has become unlovely in the same degree that it is unsentimental. I spent the day at Orillia, a lovely town by the lake, and saw about fifteen hundred children in procession and then grouped on a grand stand, one beautiful bouquet of childish faces set in pretty colors and relieved by white dresses and gay hats, and when they rose and sang and waved their flags and maple boughs every father and mother must have felt that elation and surging sensation of pride so like a sob, so intense is it when created by the strong animal magnetism of numbers and music. The children too, how they shouted and cheered, and what a meaning the day will have to them hereafter! It was one of the most successful things of the kind I ever saw, but I have no doubt it was not more so than many others in various parts of Ontario. Surely these things shall be encouraged until not a Canadian child is permitted to pass the anniversary of Confederation without being stirred by every patriotic emotion possible to the gatherlaugh to see their mothers come home from a ing together of crowds, the singing of national day's campaigning with their eyes blacked and songs and the delivery of patrictic speeches.

such condition of affairs, and if we did not revere the flag that has meant so much to us in the past we would show ourselves ungrateful

Talking about what the flag means to us, I was surprised to see Mr. Ballantyne, the same man, I think, who is Speaker of the Ontario Legislature and a Grit politician conspicuous enough to have been given this prominent place, voting against preferential trade within the Empire at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce in London. Even the most heated partizans of his own persuasion and the most virulent writers on his own press have admitted that preferential trade within the Empire would be a good thing for Canada. Their whole argument against it has been based on the impossibility of bringing it about. His conduct suggests that the wish is father to the thought. The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire was called together to give expression to colonial feeling, yet he with the fictitious importance of his political position votes against that which his party has a thousand times said was a fascinating thought but an utter impossibility. He seems to be willing to sing in the chorus with Erastus Wiman, and while Mr. Eigin Myers, suspended from office for the expression of annexationist sentiments, may have done a who lack experience of the world and its trifling damage to this province, Mr. Ballantyne | dangers.

After all the prognosticating that has been done that Gladstone would sweep the British constituencies, it looks very much as if Lord Salisbury would still remain in power, and Canada will not be sorry. There is no element in this country opposed to Irish Home Rule if it means simply that local self-government which the provinces enjoy in this Dominion. There is a general feeling, however, amongst both those who are anxious that Irish Home Rule should mean nothing more than Provincial Ho ne Rule means to us here, and those who are anxious for much more and in their hearts are separatists, that Mr. Gladstone's measure is not of this innoxious character. Details of the bill have been kept so secret that those who would be glad to see Ireland get a measure of Home Rale suspect that the Irish party would not be as satisfied as they are had not promises been given which, if fulfilled by Mr. Gladstone, might endanger the Union. The fact, too, that the Liberal party has never been successful in its foreign policy, coupled with the par-tial promise that Lord Salisbury has given us that he will make an effort to protect the Empire from the high tariff countries which are endeavoring to get all the advantage of England's generous policy without reciprocating in any respect, makes those who are really British in their impulses desire both selfishly and sentimentally to see the Conservative party remain in power.

The excellent suggestions in the letter reproduced below should bear fruit. The author of the little story, A Bowl of Clover Blooms, should feel proud of the material evidences of sympathy which the sketch excited. The contributions shall be sent to the secretary of the Fresh Air Fund and the request made in the letter will no doubt receive the attention of the committee. There are many kind-hearted farmers who would undertake the care of a child or two for a couple of weeks, and if further funds are forthcoming no doubt a number of deserving little ones shall be provided with a holiday such as was suggested by the author of A Bowl of Clover Blooms.

For Saturday Night's Fresh Air Fund. In one of your recent issues I read a story entitled A.
Hewl of Clover Blooms. I think the idea it suggests of sending little ones to the country for a week or two of pure fresh air, is a most excellent one, and if I may start a club (with Jim's assistance) I would like to be the means of sending at least one delicate child, for a week or so, to some kind farmer's in the country this lovely summer weather. I think if the committee earnestly undertook the scheme

it might in time develop into far greater benefit to poor months than even those most enjayable excursions. Of course it could not be expected that so great a number could participate in the pleasure of a few weeks' country life as upon the excursions. Enclosed please find from

Jim's Jewel . Fresh Air Fund :

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Holland and family have left St. George street for their cottage in Nova

Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh of Grove avenue gave a very pleasant musical evening on Thursday of last week.

A fashionable wedding took place at the residence of Mr. H. J. Gould, reeve of Uxbridge, at four o'clock on Wednesday of last week. The participants were Miss Maggle Sharpe, sister-in-law of Mr. Gould and Dr. Bascom of Uxbridge. Only the im nediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. The presents were many and handsome. The Dr. and his newly wedded wife left on the evening train for an extended tour through Eastern Ontario.

Mr. Fred Castles was entertained by his friends at Mrs. J. Hughes' residence, Parkdale. on the eve of his departure for New York. He was presented with a gold watch by the club. The address was read by Mr. Pearson and the presentation made by Miss Nina Caulfield, who looked extremely pretty in a handsome Watteau gown of white henrietta. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford and Mrs. G. B. Gordon at their summer residence.

Dr. and Mrs John Caven spend the summer at Cushing's Island.

Dr. King, President of Manitoba College, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Reid of Pembroke street last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Darling left last week for

Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland and family went to

Miss Lilian Auden of Cincinnati is visiting Mrs. O. B. Sheppard at her summer cottage,

Mr. W. A. Matthews of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. G. A. Weese of Carlton street.

Miss Gerty Thompson of Hamilton is spending two weeks' vacation with her sister-in-law. Mrs. Fred. W. Thompson, 31 Gwynne avenue.

Among the arrivals of this week at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, are Mrs. Chas. Reid and family, Mrs. M. McConnell and family, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Holtby and Mr. J. W. Eaton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Merritt of New Orleans, and Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour of

Mrs. Howson, of 16 Brunswick avenue, entertained the friends of her pupils on Monday evening. After a delightful musical pro gramme had been rendered, refreshments were served and the guests departed much pleased with the manner in which the pupils had acquitted themselves.

On Thursday evening of last week the pupils

a most pleasing entertainment in St. George's school-house. The different movements in the drills were very graceful and pretty, particu-larly in the ring dance. Other interesting items on the programme were a scene from the Merchant of Venice, a cantata entitled Little Red Riding Hood, and French recitations. The prizes were presented by Rev. Canon Cayley.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at 528 Sherbourne street last Tuesday afternoon by Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, when Herr Robert Mahr of Berlia, Germany, was married to Miss Alice Maud, eldest daughter of Mr. George W. L'llie of Toronto. Only the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, after which the young couple left for New York. In two weeks they will sail for Germany, making Berlin their future home.

Mr. Fred Roper and family, of Sherbourne street, are spending the summer at Buenavista, their lovely retreat at Lorne Park.

Mrs. Day of Jarvis street has been entertaining a number of American friends.

Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. Goring and Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley are at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston.

The following guests are at the Hotel Louise, Lorne Park: Mr. and Mrs. J. Curry, Mrs. Doolittle, and Mr. T. Watson and family.

The Rev. Mr. Roper sailed recently for Europe.

Miss L. Paterson left for Orillia last Monday. where she intends remaining for two months.

The Sardonyx Club held a most successful private picnic to Long Branch on Dominion Day. The invited guests, in number over a hundred, left Yonge street wharf at 9:30 a.m. by a private steamer and had a most enjoyable sail. In the afternoon many availed themselves of another opportunity to go out on the water and went up the coast as far as Port Credit and Lorne Park. The evening was spent in dancing, music being provided by an excellent orchestra. The guests returned to the city at 11 p.m. after a most enjoyable day. The success of the picnic was due to the efforts of the following committee: Mr. Charles L. Chase, Mr. J. F. Monck, Mr. F. J. Aylward, Misses Maud Murchison, Mary Wheeler, Ray Wylie and Messrs. Edward Wheeler and Bert

Mr. Fred W. Walker of Maitland street is out at Lorne Park enjoying himself with his family at their summer house, Glenview

Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College and Mrs. Clark left last Saturday for Brockville, where Prof. Clark will conduct services at St. Peter's until the return from Ireland of the Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones in two months' time. Prof. and Mrs. Clark are staying at the rectory

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scholfield returned last week to the city. Mrs. Scholfield will be At Home to her friends at 135 Spadina Road on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of

The M.Y. O. B. Camp At Home on Dominion Day was a brilliant success. The rooms of the shanty were prettily decorated with bunting, the ceiling being festooned with streamers of red, white and blue in honor of the day. During the afternoon large parties of guests were taken out sailing on the Yolande. After supper the sweet strains of an orchestra enticed many to join in the mazy dance. Among those present were: Mrs. Begg, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Thompson, Misses Parsons, Macdonald. Dawson, Simpson, Bain, Dick, Coleman, Weir, Rennie, Locke, Sylvester, Heale, Winstanley, Waycott, Williams, Fetters, Dieterle, Hayes, Stanley, Smith, McMullin, Davidson, Robinson, Burns, Cooper, L Parsons, Dance, Troutman, Forsyth, Secombe, and Messrs, Sylvester, Johnston, Dixon, Dewey, Carmidy, McKay, Grimshaw, Harwood, Burns, Bulman, Grant Stuttaford, Broughton, Stanley, McQuarrie, Walton, Baker, Parry, Docker, Angus, Blackburn, Reed and Begg

The closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan S:hool took place on Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening last. On Monday afternoon a very good programme was presented, followed by the distribution of prizes in the third and junior classes. On Tuesday evening the con cert room was filled with an appreciative audience, a large representation of the parents of the pupils and many of the friends of the school being present. The programme was a very pleasing one, surpassing those of former years and showing that the close attention paid in the present day to matriculation work by the senior and preparatory classes has not interfered with the work in the musical department of the school. The recitations, English and French, were of a high order and deserve special mention. While the musical numbers were all good, one might specially mention the solos by Misses Alice Stiff, Nellie Hendershot and Rose Kirkpatrick. The last solo on the programme, Tarantelle, by Chopin, was very effectively rendered by Miss Mildred Beck, who has completed her second year at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and who is at present on the musical staff of the school while continuing her studies under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. At the close of the programme the prizes were distributed to successful competitors in the senior classes by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, who has been kind enough to perform that duty on many former occasions. His Lordship expressed great pleasure with the excellent manner in which the programme had been rendered and with the very satisfactory work which had been done during the year. A pleasant feature was the presentation of the medals for general proficiency awarded by the Governor-General of the Dominion to the winners for the years 1890 and 1891, Miss Helen Rolph and Miss Emily Moss, as well as to the winner for the present year, Miss Lilian Heaven, the three medals having arrived together.

On Wednesday the 22nd June, the marriage took place at Walkerton of Miss Pauline Kings-mill, fourth daughter of his Honor Judge Kingsmill, to E. Langdon Wilks, third son of of the Kilburn Sisters of Beverley street gave Mr. Matthew Wilks of Cruickston Park, Galt. Many guests from New York, Toronto and Galt arrived the night before, and the wedding took place the following morning in St. Thomas' church at 11 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Canon Curran of Hamilton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Robinson. The bride was gowned in rich white satin trimmed with mechlin lace and orange blossoms, with full court train of brocade satin her long veil and wreath were fastened by a diamond pansy spray, the gift of the groom, and a diamond star, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Byam K. Stevens of New York; she also wore a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom's father. She was at tended by six bridesmaids, who were becom ingly attired in cream silk frocks with long veils surmounted by Prince of Wales feathers. They were her three cousins, the two Misses Kingsmill of Toronto. Miss Florence Gale Dickson of Niagara, Miss Annie Macbeth of London and her two sisters, Misses Sydney and Phyllis Kingsmill. They all carried superb bunches of Marechal Niel roses, and were unique brooches, the gifts of the groom. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Matthew Wilks. The ushers were Commander Kingsmill, R. N., Mr. Jack Snall of Toronto, Mr. Peck of Galt and Mr. Harold Kingsmill. The church was most beautifully decorated by the friends of the bride, At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests, who numbered about eighty, adjourned to the Bungalow, the residence of the bride's father, where a reception was held by Mrs. Kingsmill and the numerous handsome presents seen and much admired. At ten o'clock the newly married couple and many of the guests left on a special car. The going-away gown was of tan-colored cloth trim ned with garnet. with hat to match, and traveling cloak of shot garnet silk. Judge Kingsmill took advantage of the occasion to have a reunion of the family: there were present his ten sons and daughters: Commander Kingsmill, R. N., Mrs. Gault of Montreal, Mrs. Chester Glass of Spokane. Washington, Mrs. Pringle of Gult, Mr. Harold Kingsmill of Winnipeg, Mr. William Kingsmill, Traders' Bank, Toronto, Master J. J. Kingsmill and the younger members of the family still at home.

There was a most interesting gathering at the old Beatty homestead in Trafalgar on Dominion Day. Mr. Beatty with a family of thirteen children settled in Trafalgar on a homestead of five hundred acres. The youngest of the family is still living in the square, oldfashioned house that his father built and to this delightful place he called a gathering of the family. There were a hundred and fifty representatives present, sixty of whom were from Toronto. When the train arrived the happy passengers were greeted by a choir sing-ing Home, Sweet Home. The day was spent in feasting, speech making and general enjoyment. Among those present from Toronto were: Mr. Robert Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. James Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow, Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. John Beatty and Dr. and

The Hon. R. M. Wells left on Wednesday night for a trip to Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Blue and family have zone on a visit to Duart, where Mr. Blue's brother owns a large farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Playfair and family of Isabelia street have gone to spend the summer in Mus-

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell left on Thursday for Cape L' Aigle, St. Lawrence. Mrs. Macdonnell has gone to Fergus, where she will spend the summer with her parents, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smellie.

Mrs. Alexander Morris and family left town last Tuesday for their home in Isle Morris,

Dr. E. P. Gordon returned to the city on Monday of last week. Although he is recovering from the serious accident which has so long disablea him, he is still far from well.

The Misses Burney of Glasgow, Scotland, are the guests of Rev. G. M. Milligan of Sherbourne atreet. Mrs. Whittemore is staying at present with

her father, Dr. Oldright of Carlton street.

Dr. and Mrs. Withrow and family are spending the summer at the Island Mrs. Falconbridge and family have gone to

their cottage on the Island.

Miss Thompson of Linden street left last Monday for Montreal, where she will stay with her brother-in-law, Prof. Warriner.

A number of educationists from Toronto left the early part of this week for Montreal to attend the meetings of the Dominion Teachers Association. Amongst those who went are the Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. Miller, Principal MacMurchy and Mr. William Houston

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver and family left last week for their cottage at Kew.

Mrs. D. Cowan and family have gone to spend the summer at Mimico.

Dr. Thorburn has removed to his handsome new residence on the corner of Spadina Road and Bloor street.

Principal and Mrs. Kirkland will spend their vacation at Metis.

Prof. and Mrs. McCurdy and family are spending the summer near Lorne Park,

Mrs. Michie of Stratford is visiting Miss

Michie at Westholme, Wellington street. Mr. S. F. McKinnon returned from Europe

Mr. D. A. McKellar, formerly of the SATUR DAY NIGHT staff, was in town this week on his way to Penetanguishene, where he will spen i

the summer months. Miss G. A. Merrill of Wellesley street left Tuesday of this week on a visit to Belleville

and Brockville. Among the guests at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, this week are: Mr. and Mrs. W. H.

Beatty and the Misses Beatty, Miss Leslie, Miss L. Gooderham, Miss Sage, Mrs. Blackstock and children, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Taggart of Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Buchanan and Miss Pollard of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Bond of Ipswich, and Lady Ida Leigh-Hare of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Layton and the Messrs. and Misses Merrick are at Roslyne, St. Andrew's-on-the-Lake.

Among those who are at the Penetanguishene this week are: Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Mr. G. A. Stinson, Capt. McDonnell, Mr. T. T. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stone, Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins, and Mr. William Ray of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Neff and family of Cleve land, Mr. Geo. L. Chitty of Ottawa, Mr. T. B. Baird of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and family of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. and Miss Barnes of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Carpenter of Wilmington, Del., and Mrs Greenhill and family of Galt.

Mr. F. A. Acland, news editor of the Globe, and Mrs. Acland sailed from Montreal last Wednesday on the steamer Sarnia of the Dominion Line to spend two months in the

Mr. James Millett and family and Mr. Bernard Hughes and family are at Mrs. Mead's.

Miss Milligan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Hilton of Center Island.

There will be a hop at the Club House, Center Island, Saturday evening.

Invitations are issued for the marriage of Miss Nellie Richardson to Mr. Walter Stewart at St. Peter's church on Thursday, July 14, at 8 p.m. Their numerous circle of friends will be sorry to learn that immediately after the ceremony they will take their departure to British Columbia, which will be their future

Miss Boone of Murray street is visiting friends in Ashbury Park, N. J.

The Misses Queen and Frankie Ferguson are visiting their auut, Mrs. (D:.) Ferguson of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Harry Ryrie, of Ryrie Bros., has returned after three months' absence in Europe. A business trip like his is really as pleasant as one could have in the old country, for one who goes with the idea of seeing pretty thing is apt to see them, and by and by we will them here.

Miss Gertrude Ward is spending her holidays in Wardsville.

Her Lack of Confidence.

The utter lack of confidence that woman has in man was illustrated in a Penn avenue cable car the other day. A lady boarded the car at Sixth street.

car the other day. A lady boarded the car at Sixth street.
"Let me off at Twenty-eighth, please," she said to the conductor.
From Sixth to Twelfth street she was engaged in getting seated and paying her fare.
"Don't forget to let me off at Twenty-eighth, will you?" she said, as the conductor took her nickel, and he said he wouldn't.
At Twentieth street she collected her parcels and stared at the conductor to remind him of his promise.

At Twenty-first she dropped a package, which another passenger stepped on, then apologized.

At Twenty-second she looked out of the window to see if the conductor had called the

right number.
At Twenty-third she moved to a seat nearer the door.

From Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth she was engaged in mentally criticizing the spring suit of the lady opposite her.

At Twenty-sixth she nodded to the conductor.

ductor.
At Twenty-seventh she stood up and "got ready to leave the car.
As it stopped at Twenty-eighth street she stepped from the platform, and, with a sigh of relief, exclaimed: "These horrid conductors can't be trusted to remember anything."—
Pittsburg Post.

He Weighed His Words. He was a ponderous preacher, or rather his sermons were ponderous, and the young people of his congregation were prone to complain of

"I always weigh well what I say in my ermons," he said to a fair young parishioner sermons," he said to a fair young parishioner with a sharp tongue.

"Indeed!" she responded quickly. "Do you use hay scales?

The Short and Straight Way. Rich man-If I make out a will, how am it going to know whether it won't be contested

Lawyer—There is one way to make a sure thing of it and avoid all unnecessary complica-

Rich man—How is that? Lawyer—Make it out to me direct.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede fi nish Thread Gloves, 75c. Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D . Corsets, so that they may secome widely known, we are h aving (for this month only) a special sale.

Marguerite at \$3, usual price \$3; Donita, \$5, usual price \$6. R & G. in every style and price.

DRESSMAKING

Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear.

Millinery and Mantle Making

11 and 13 King Street East TORONTO

JUNE WEDDINGS



DINNER SETS

The largest and only complete line in the city. PANTECHNETHECA 116 Yonge St. Adelaide

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York UNSURPASSED FOR

Safety, Civility and Comfort W. A. GEDDES, AGENT 69 Yonge Street, Toronto

Tourists and Campers Requisites

- - Mosquito Oil - -

Tan and Freckle Lotions Complexion Balm, Etc.

Mearthur's drug store

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

REDSTARLINE New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesdaye and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND



HERBERT E. SIMPSON

143 College Street - - Toronto SED DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE Successor to late Norman & FRARES

Iron and BEDSTEADS

Camp Beds, Children's Cots

RICE LEWIS & SON

King and Victoria Streets



By A. FILIPPINI (25 years with Delmonico). In cloth binding, ink and gold stamps, 50 cents. (This is the first number of the "Handy Volume Culinary Series.") 100 Ways for Cooking Eggs

100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with a 100 Eggs.") 50 cents.

JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Pretty Dresses.

95c.

GS

fort

NT

ers

S

Etc.

RE

ND

SON

nto

pale blue crepe, with tight-fitting sleeves trimmed with stripes of lace reaching to the wrists, and loose sling-shaped over sleeves, caught in at the cuffs. The short-waisted bodice is of cream-colored lacepoint de Venise-and the front of the gown falls in loose folds, and is ornamented with long ribbons that are tied at the neck and allowed to trail to the hem of the skirt. The back is arranged a la Watteau-I was a little wrong in calling it an Empire gown-and is also ornamented with long trailing ribbons. All the French tea-gowns seem to be trimmed with point de Venise this season. The novelty in some that I saw was shown in the blending of colors. One new model was of terra-cotta crepe, with sleeves and yoke of sky-blue silk. A dainty gown by which I was much smitten was cream colored delaine, strewn with pink marguerites and forget-me-nots, and trimmed simply with a flounce of lace and a pink ribbon sash. If I remember rightly, it had also a pink yoke and collar, both veiled with lace, and lace frills at the edge of the sleeves. Another gown, inexpensive and pretty, was black de-

The rules for the wearing of mourning are arranged on a nicely graduated scale. The first dress and bonnet that a widow wears are both very deep mourning-nearly all crape; the second not quite so deep, just a little less crape being used; the third are generally plain black with a little white introduced here and there. A dress suitable for the second stage of mourning is of dull black silk, the yoke and all the other trimmings except the ruche on the skirt being of crape.

laine, flowered in pink, with a pink yoke

covered with lace and a ribbon sash.

For ordinary use there is nothing so pretty and generally available as a dress of some of the new cottons. There are lovely ginghams with cross-bars having embroidered designs at the intersections of the lines. These come in all colors, the most desirable being in two colors, as a pink ground with white bars, or gray ground with bars of lighter gray or white. The embroidered patterns are in designs resembling a window sash, a circle, an oval, a crescent, triangle, or some similar figure. There are also blue and white ginghams with large white coin-spots in snowflake pattern. pretty fabric is a lace-figured gingham, the ground in some shade of gray, the lace design in white and wrought in fanciful pattern. A Japanese fan with lattice work is one of the most taking designs. There are also very delicate-tinted fabrics with this same lace effect on plain ground. A gingham with lengthwise stripes three or four threads wide has brocadings of overshot weaving wrought over the stripes, which are in groups. Ginghams with heavy threads in cross-bars are very pretty. These heavy threads are arranged in groups, and cross each other after the fashion of the borders of old-time linen handkerchiefs. Grounds of all popular colors have threads of white or soft gray running through them in this fashion. Length wise stripes with woven figures arranged in groups making a double design are much admired. There are shepherds' checks and quaint old-fashioned ginghams such as we see in the scrap-bags of our grandmothers. Lavender and white, gray and white, gray and pink, are very Frenchy and dainty, and there are also black-and-white checks with open spaces filled in with white, and also heliotrope in very light tints. Wide-stripe goods with line stripes in satin brocadings are among the desirable materials, also lace stripes, and cashmerecolored stripes on a while ground alternating with wide bands of plain color. A novelty has a pink ground with stripes made of tiny sprays in shades of blue, olive or brown.

Very stylish and available are the goods with cotton warp and silk filling, the silk thrown on the outside in delicate brocadings and clusters of tiny dots. These materials come in light shades, and are quite expensive, being seventyfive to eighty-five cents per yard; but they make dresses as handsome as those of India silk. Old-fashioned gauzy-looking stuffs are used for dresses as well as for the elaborate garnitures which are now so popular. There are all-wool and silk-and-wool crepons in black, which are very much liked by conservative ladies; and as all-black dresses are not only tolerated, but highly commended for evening wear, attention has been drawn to the preparation of many elegant and appropriate fabrics for this purpose. Silk grenadines in black and colors are shown in small patterns or with elaborate figures. The old-time Hernani is revived with modifications. Heavier stripes, bits of brocading, and embroidery appear on the exquisitely fine semitransparent grounds.

Galloon of all widths has masses of jet in seed, nail head and bugle effects.

An astonishing millinery combination is skyblue satin ribbon with royal purple violets.

Iridescent bead trimmings are exceedingly atvlish, and used in narrow passementeries as well as whole pieces.

Sleeveless blouses of crepon are worn with coat waists which have open jacket fronts.

Two Book Agents.

Two Book Agents.

A trimly built young woman whose easily confident step and style announced her New York parentage, walked into the repairing room of an east-side railway a few days ago.

"How d'ye do, boys?" she said to the four mechanics within, whose dirt-environed eyes opened wide as they surveyed her. For a woman in a repair shop is as a drop of water in Hades—or Kentucky.

The men dropped their tools and saluted.

"May I use your soldering iron?" continued the visitor.

"C-c-certainly," gasped the master mechanic as he fell over a cogwheel to get it.

The young woman put the iron in the charcoal fire and sat down on a box just as if she was at home, waiting for the iron to heat. The mechanics made a pretext of going to work, but they didn't do much. They wanted to know what she would do with that soldering iron.

When the iron was hot she removed her hat. About this time the car inspector came ir. "Won't you hold my hat a minute?" she said. Would he hold it? He would have held it a week. Then she took the iron out of the fire, produced a hand glass, and proceeded deliberately to curl her hair. The five men watched her curiously. When she finished she took up her valise. "You have been very kind to me," she said. "I want to ask you to do me one more favor. I have here something that I think would prove both amusing and instructive to you, your wives and children."

She deliberately opened her valise. "Book agent!" said one of the "boys" to the other, as he looked toward the door. But she was standing too near it. "It is entitled Down the Mississippl, a full, complete, concise, and succinct account of the history of the beautiful old river and of the people who inhabit the valley."

And she talked on and on, and the "boys"—when she left she had orders for five copies at \$2 per copy.

I told this story to a friend, and he came PRETTY Empire tea-gown is of

And she talked on and on, and the "boys"—
when she left she had orders for five copies at
\$2 per copy.

I told this story to a friend, and he came
back at me so: "She must have been a blood
relation of the woman who went into one of the
solid banks of this city a short time since and
told the president about her troubles, and the
vice-president and cashier gathered around
to hear. She told how she had a mortgage to
pay off, what a hard time she was having; she
told a tear-fetching tale, and asked them to
buy a copy of Greely's Arctic Expedition, to
help her out, price \$5 per copy. Now not one
of those gentlemen cared a rap about
Greely and his Arctic expedition, or
anything else in that line that doesn't pay senible dividends, but to help the poor woman
out each one produced a \$5 bill and gave it
to her. A few days later she reappeared with
the books. The gentlemen asked her how she
was doing and a few other questions. Finally
one said:

"Are you not manyied? Where is your hus."

one said:

"'Are you not married? Where is your husband?' The woman looked straight at him a minute, then winked and held her fist up, fingers closed and thumb pointed down.

"The idea seemed to be that her hubby was:

"'Down below
Where all is woo.'

"Then she walked out. The three gentle-men exchanged glances and sheepishly went back to their desks."

Both Right-Tit for Tat.

John Bull (boastfully to his Yankee friend)—
Do you know, sir, I can say with truth that I
belong to a nation upon whose territories the
sun never sets. Does not that "lick creation?"
Yankee friend (with a cunning look at John
Bull)—Yes, but did you ever hear the reason?
John Bull—No, there can be no reason, there
is nothing to reason about.

Yankee friend—Hat ha! The sun would set on British possessions like other places, but she cannot trust John Bull in the dark.

John Bull—I never thought of that, but it is a common report she cannot trust the Yankees in the light.

Vankee friend-We are both right.

A Natural Subject of Speculation. A Natural Subject of Speculation.

A shrewd-looking old man stood in front of one of the leading jewelers, gazing at a queer-looking clock. One of the affable clerks was standing in the doorway.

"That's an all-fired funny clock," said the old man. "What do you call it?"

"That's a spring lever chronometer," replied the clerk. "It will run for 400 days without winding."

"So? That's a long time. But say, how long do you s'pose it would run if you should wind it up once?"

Went for a Drive. Husband—What's that? Been shopping, and bought \$100 worth of silks? You said you were going for a drive. Wife-Yes. Cash & Co. advertised a great drive in dry goods.

Loads of Liberty. Old Bachelor—I do not see any need of your society, Woodvote. It seems to me that women are pretty thoroughly emancipated already.

Mrs. Woodvote—Huh! what do you judge by?
Old Bachelor—By the number of married men who are trying to get divorces.

A Pleasant Thought. Friend (in railway train)—You say you are getting influenza from that lady's open window, and yet you seem to be very gleeful about something. What is it?

Passenger—I know she must be getting pneu-

Not Invited.

Daughter-Shall we invite Dr. Bigfee to the reception?

Mother—I think we'd better not, he's so absent-minded. He might charge it in the bill.

A Smart Husband.

Mrs. Slimpurse (fretfully)—That Mrs. Stuck upp has a horse, and goes out driving every day.

Mr. Slimpurse (consolingly)—I wouldn't like to have my little duckie darling's clothes smelling horsey, no indeed.

Very Likely.

Mother-Who is that young follow who is calling on you now?
Daughter—I think he intends to be a minister. He said he wanted to take orders.
Mother—Huh! I guess he's looking for a job

Our Present Divorce Laws.

Friend—How is your wife?
Citizen—Wife? I have no wife.
Friend—You certainly told me you were a married man.
Citizen—That was across the river, in another state. I am an old bachelor in this state.

CHOICE **FLOWERS**

ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals,

Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready. We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 184 Yonge Street Store and see cuts and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

TIDY & SON TORONTO Tel. Conservatories

Tel. Yonge Street -

N. B.-Floral Decorations our Specialty. Funeral Offerings on short notice.

SUPPOSE O and and address—see the ter than drugs. KEG :

SPADINA BREWERY



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

T is being said that surely black silks gave us our reputation for silk business. Well, we're never beat in black silks. The variety is very large, and the study of this list tells of price values. You've the double advantage just

81.65.
Black Moires, 65; \$1. \$1. 25, were 85:., \$1. 35, \$1.50, \$2.
The cost of sallk purchase can be reduced to country lends by means of our mail order system. Write for

R. SIMPSON

S. W. oor. Yonge and Queen | Entrance Yonge Street. Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Queen Street. Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 5 Quee Street West.

For the Seaside Summer Resorts



"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

Boating, bathing, tennis, bowling, yachting, music, base, pickerel, maskiuonge; the finest scenery in the world; Canada's summer holiday ground; 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay; 577 feet above sea level. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Parties desiring rooms will please communicate by wire or letter to S. BARNETT, Manager, Penetanguishene, Ont. Ask for illustrated booklets.

Oh, for Muskoka! PAIGNTON HOUSE

Open for the Season June 20

SECURE ROOMS EARLY

JOHN F. PAIN - - Clevelands P. O.

MUSKOKA LAKE BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

The most convenient and central point on the Muskoka Lakes. All steamers connect here. Parties leaving Toronto by morning express arrive at 4 p.m.; by night ax-

Queen's Royal Hotel NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resurt is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hope every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT, Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited) OFFICE NO. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposite received, large and small sums. Interest at



Prof. Wanklyn, the greatest living authority on water,

" LONDON, July 28, 1891. "I have analyzed the Godes-Berger water and find that is is exquisitely pure. Its saline ingredients are normal, just those required to form an ideal table water. (Signed) "J. Alfrand WARKLYN."

For Sale at all First-Class Wine Merchants,

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM 63 King Street West-(up stairs)

MRS. A. BLACK, MOR. 66

Spring and Summer Wear Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



Ladies, Our Ladies, Uur
Three Departments
now fully opened. MILLIN.
ERY, choice spring etock,
new shades. Latest designs
in shapes, in great variety.
Oall and take advantage of our
long experience. long experience.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING—Our Art, Fashion, Fit
and Finish assured. Place
orders early to insure prompt
attention. Headquarters for the "New and Perfect Tailor System." Cutting taught daily in all its

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Youge Street

A CHAR WING RESORT

If our citizens knew what delightful weather we are having here and how well the St. Leon Springs Hotel is managed they would take advantage of the cheap rates by water or rail and come to St. Leon Springs in large numbers. St. Leon Springs III A. S. The Saratoga of Canada.
M. A. THOMAS, of Toronto
Manager

R.M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

Ladies' Oxford Shoes RUSSIAN LEATHER In Tan and Wine color. Also Patent Leather and Kid. Ease, Elegance and Economy

J.D. KING & CO. MISS DUFFY





ARMAND'S Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto TELEPHONE 2498 The Largest and Most Comple Establishment of its Kind in America.

LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in curling their own hair during the hot weather, for traveling, seaside, country or at home, ald provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty a NATURAL CURLY BANG, news requiring curling, see from \$2, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87 and higher, according to

Frices from and color.

OUR STYLES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommend make, quality and fields to any others, and recommend themselves.

OUR STOCK of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Ouris, Prifis, etc., is complete.

Specially in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to with.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES in the large-our stock of ALL LONG CHAIR SWITCHES in the large-our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever mean in this country, manufactured at our premises of the best imported French convents hair. Very reasonable prices.

Bix private ladies! Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Photos, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extrait pour meuchoir, le teint si les mains.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TERANCE-AREMAND & CO.

Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Parlimany.

All Those Who Have Used the STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and

Riding Habits **Dresses Cut and Fitted**

CORSETS TO ORDER ANY STYLE

E. J. CHUBB, 2562 Nonge Street, south of

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her Fine Stock of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors. which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in style, while the prices are those of greatly inferior goods in the so-called cheap stores.

Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for Dresses will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.

112 YONGE STREET, West Side
Two doors south of Adelaide.

ADIES



BARBOUR'S LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes Sold by All Dealers

Prince Edward County, Ont.

Is Now Open for the Season of 1892

These sand banks are the most famous in the world and have a beautiful sand beach miles in extent. For bathing this place cannot be surpassed in any fresh East and West lakes furnish all the good fishing the most sanguine could desire. For further particulars apply to

McDONALD & HYATT, Props.

McMud McGinty

Who went to the bottom of the sea, said that the water was wet. Had he seen

McPHERSON'S After the Flood he'd have taken it all back. Shoe

Prices have sunk to the bottomless depths. George McPherson - YONGE ST.



105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Dorenwend's Celebrated

For Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Give it a trial. For male by all druggists or by A. DORENWEND

BOLE MANUFACTURER

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Notice Our Prices

Antique Bedroom Suites Dining-Room Suites
From \$17.50 upwards Parlor Suites

From \$27.50 upwards to the city. J. & J. L. O'MALLEY Telephone 1057 180 Queen St. West

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XV.

When the party met at dinner they were for a time somewhat silent, for all were exhausted by their hard work under a blazing sun, but their spirits rose under their surroundings.

The native servants had laid the table with as scrupulous care as usual; except that there was no display of flowers, no change was observable.

was no display of flowers, no change was observable.

All had dressed after the work was over, and the men were in white drill, and the ladies had, from custom, put on light evening gowns.

The cook had prepared an excellent dinner, and as the champagne went round no stranger would have supposed that the party had met under such unusual circumstances. The doctor and the two aubalterns were unaffectedly gay, and as the rest all made an effort to be cheerful, the languor that had marked the commencement of the dinner soon wore off.

"Wilson and R'chards are becoming quite sportsmen," the doctor said. "They have tried their hands at tigers, but could hardly have expected to take part in elephant shooting. They can't quite settle between themselves as to which it was who sent the rajah's elephant flying among the crowd. Both declare they aimed at that special beast. So as there is no deciding the point we must consider the honor as divided."

"It was rather hard on us," Isobel said, "to be kent working helow, instead of being up

cecang the point we must consider the honor as divided."

"It was rather hard on us," Isobel said, "to be kept working below, instead of being up there seeing what was going on. But I consider we quite did our full share towards the defence to day. My hands are quite sore with sewing up the mouths of those rough bags. I think the chief honors that way lie with Mrs. Rintoul. I am sure she sewed more bags than any of us. I had no idea that you were such a worker, Mrs. Rintoul."

"I used to be a quick worker, Miss Hannay, till lately. I have not touched a needle since I came out to India."

"I should recommend you to keep it up,

came out to India."

"I should recommend you to keep it up, Mrs. Rintoul." the doctor said. "It has done you more good than all my medicines. I don't believe I have prescribed for you for the last month, and I haven't seen you looking so well since you came out."

"I suppose I have not had time to feel ill, doctor," Mrs. Rintoul said, with a slight smile; "all this has been a sort of tonic."

"And a very useful one, Mrs. Rintoul. We are all of us the better for a little stirring up sometimes."

sometimes."

Captain Forster had as usual secured a place next to Isobel Hannay. He had been near her all day, carrying the bags as he filled them to her to sew up. Bathurst was sitting at the other end of the table, joining but little in the

other end of the table, joining but little in the conversation.

"I thought Bathurst was going to faint again when the firing began, Miss Hannay," Captain Forster said, in a low voice. "It was quite funny to see him give a little start each shot that was fired, and his face was as white as my jacket. I never saw such a nervous fellow."

"You know he cannot help it, Captain Fors-ter," Isobel said indignantly. "I don't think it is right to make fun of him for what is a great misfortune."
"I am not making fun of him, Miss Hannay.

"I am not making fun of him, Miss Hannay. I am pitying him."

"It did not sound like it," Isobel said. "I don't think you can understand it, Captain Forster; it must be terrible to be like that."

"I quite agree with you there. I know I should drown myself or put a bullet through my head if I could not show ordinary courage with a lot of ladles going on working quietly round me."

"You must remember that Mr. Bathurst showed plenty of courage in going out among the mutineers last night."

"Yes, he did that very well, but, you see, he talks the language so thoroughly that, as he said himself, there was very little risk in it."

"I don't like you to talk so, Captain Forster." Isobel said quietly. "I do not see much of Mr. Bathurst. I have not spoken to him half a dozen times in the last month, but both my uncle and Dr. Wade have a high opinion of him and do not consider that he should be personally blamed for being nervous under fire. I feel very sorry for him, and would much rather that you did not make remarks like that about him. We have all our weak points, and no doubt many of them are a good deal worse than a mere want of nerve."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, Miss Hannay. I did not know that Bathurst was a protege of the major's or of the estimable doctor's, or I would have said nothing against him."

"I don't think Mr. Bathurst is the sort of

him."
"I don't think Mr. Bathurst is the sort of man to be anyone's protege. Captain Forster," Isobel said coldly. "However, I think we had better change the subject."
This Captain Forster did easily and adroitly. He had no special feeling against Bathurst save a contempt for his weakness, and as he had met him but once or twice at the major's since he came to the station, he had no thought of him in the light of a rival.

him in the light of a rival.

Just as dinner was over Richards and one of the civilians came down from the terrace.

'I think that there is something up, major. I can hear noises somewhere near where Mr.

"What sort of noises, Richards?"

"There is a sort of murmur as if there were a good many men there."

"Well, gentlemen, we had better go to our posts," the major said. "Doolan, please place

"There is a sort of murmur as if there were a good many men there."

"Well, gentlemen, we had better go to our posts," the major said. "Doolan, please place your watch on the platforms by the wall. I will take my part up on to the terrace. Doctor, will you bring up some of those rockets you made the other day? We must try and find out what they are doing."

As soon as he gained the terrace with his party, the major requested everyone to remain perfectly still, and going forward to the parapet listened intently. In three or four minutes he returned to the others.

"There is a considerable body of men at work there," he said. "I can hear muffled sounds, like digging, and once or twice a sharp click, as if a spade struck a stone. I am very much afraid they are throwing up a battery there. I was in hopes they would have begun in the open, because we could have commanded the approaches; but if they begin among the trees, they can come in and out without our seeing them, and bring up their guns by the road without our being able to interfere with them. Mr. Bathurst, will you take down word to Captain Doolan, to put his men on the platform on that side. Tell him that I am going to throw up a rocket, as I believe they are erecting a battery near Hunter's bungalow, and that the men are to be ready to give them a volley if they can make them out. Tell them not to expose themselves too much, for it they are really at work there no doubt they have numbers of men posted in the shrubs all about to keep down our fire. Now, gentlemen, we will all lie down by the parapet. Take those spare rifies, and fire as quickly as you can while the light of the rocket lasts. Now, Mr. Wilson, we will get you to send up the rockets. You had better get in the corner and stoop down behind the sand-bags; you can lay your rifles on them, so as to be able to fire as soon as you have lit the second rocket."

The doctor soon came up with the rockets; he had made three dozen the week before, and a number of blue lights, for the special purpose of de

a number of blue lights, for the special purpose of detecting any movement that the enemy might make at night.
"I will fire them myself," he said, as Wilson offered to take them. "I have had charge of the fireworks in a score of fetcs and that sort of

thing, and am a pretty good hand at it. There, we will lean them against the sandbags. That is about it. Now, are you all ready, major?"
"All ready!" replied the major.
The doctor placed the end of his lighted cheroot against the touch-paper, there was a momentary pause, then a rushing sound, and the rocket soared high in the air, and then burst, throwing out four or five white fireballs, which lit up clearly the spot they were watching.

the rocket soared high in the air, and then burst, throwing out four or five white fireballs, which lit up clearly the spot they were watching.

"There they are," the major exclaimed; "just to the right of the bungalow; there are scores of them."

The rifles, both from the terrace and the platforms below, cracked out in rapid succession, and another rocket flew up into the air and burst. Before its light had faded out each of the defenders had fired his four shots. Shouts and cries from the direction in which they fired showed that many of the bullets had told, whilst almost immediately a sharp fire broke out from the bushes round them.

"Don't mind the fellows in the bushes," the major said, "but keep up your fire on the battery. We know its exact position now, though we cannot actually make them out."

"Let them wait while I go down and get a bit of phosphorus," the doctor said. "I have some in the surgery. They will only throw away their fire in the dark without it."

He soon returned, and when all the fore and back sights had been tubbed by the phosphorus the firing recommenced, and the doctor sent Wilson down with the phosphorus to the men on the platforms facing the threatened point. Bathurst was returning after having given the message to Captain Doolan, when Mrs. Hunter met him in the passage. She put her hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Bathurst, if you will take my advice you will remain quietly here. The doctor tells me they are going to open fire, and it is not the least ure your going there exposing yourself to be shot when you know that you will be of no use, You showed us yesterday that you could be of use in other ways, and I have no doubt you will have opportunities of doing so again. I can assure you none of us will think any the worse of you for not being able to struggle against a nervous affection that gives you infinite pain. If they were attacking it would be different; I know you would be wanting to take your share then."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hunter," he said, "but I must go up. I gr

through it, though I do not say it doesn't hurf."

At this moment the rattle of musketry broke out above. Bathurst gave a violent start and a low cry as of pain; then he rushed past Mrs. Hunter and up the staircase to the terrace, where he staggered rather than walked forward to the parapet, and threw himself down beside two figures, who were in the act of firing. "Is that you, Bathurst!" the major's voice asked. "Mind, mind, don't lift your head above the sand bags in that way. There, you had best lie quiet; the natives have no idea of attacking, and it is of no use throwing away ammunition by firing unless your hand is steady."

But Bathurst did not hear and semanal

steady."

But Bathurst did not hear, and remained with his head above the line of sand bags until the major put his hand on his shoulder and forced him down. He might have put his hand over his ears to deaden the sound, for in the darkness no one would have seen the action, but he would not do so, but with clenched teeth and quivering nerve lay there until the major said, "I fancy we have stopped them working. Now, doctor, do you. Hunter, Bathurst, and Farquharson go and lie down for four hours, when I will send for you to take our places. Before you lie down, will you tell Doolan to send half his party in. Of course you will lie down in your clothes, ready to fall in at your posts at a moment's notice."

"Let me send another rocket up first, major, to see what they are doing. We can sleep to morrow in the daytime; they won't dare to work under our fire then. Now, get ready, gentlemen, and don't throw away a shot, if they are still working there."

The light of the rocket showed that there were now no natives at the spot where they had been seen at work.

"I thought it would be too hot for them, major, at such close quarters as these. We must have played the mischief with them."

"All the better, doctor; we will send a few shots there occasionally to show them we have not forgotten them. But the principal thing will be to keep our ears open to see that they don't bring up ladders and try a rush."

"I think there is no fear of that to night, major. They would not have set to work at the battery if they had any idea of trying to scale the walls with ladders. They will come later on; but I don't think you will be troubled any more to night, except by these fellows firing away from the bushes, and I should think they would get tired of wasting their amuni-But Bathurst did not hear, and remained

later on; but I don't think you will be troubled any more to-night, except by these fellows firing away from the bushes, and I should think they would get tired of wasting their ammunition aoon. It is fortunate we brought all the spare ammunition in here."

"Yes, they only had ten rounds of ball cartridge, and that must be nearly used up by this time. They will have to make up their cart ridges in future, and cast their bullets, unless they can get a supply from some of the other mutineer."

"Well, you will send for us in four hours, major?"

major?"
"You need not be afraid of my forgetting."
Dawn was just breaking when the relief
were called up; the firing had died away and

Dawn was just breaking when the relief were called up; the firing had died away and all was quiet.

"You will take command here, Rintoul," the major said. "I should keep Farquharson up here, if I were you, and leave the doctor and Bathurst to look after things in general. I think, doctor, it would be as well if we appointed Bathurst in charge of the general arrangements of the house. We have a good amount of stores, but the servants will waste them if they are not looked after. I should put them on rations, Bathurst; and there might be regular rations of things served out for us too; then it would fall in your province to see that the syces water and feed the horses. You will examine the well regularly and note whether there is any change in the look of the water. I think you will find plenty to do."

"Thank you, major," Bathurst said. "I appreciate your kindness, and for the present, at any rate, will gladly undertake the work of looking after the stores and servants; but there is one thing I have been thinking of, and which I should like to speak to you about at once if you could spare a minute or two before you turn in."

"What is that, Bathurst?"

"I think that we are agreed, major, that though we may hold this place for a time, sooner or later we must either surrender or the place be carried by storm."

Major Hannay nodded.

"That is what it must come to, Bathurst. If they will at last grant us terms, well and good; if not, we must either try to escape or die

they will at last grant us terms, well and good; if not, we must either try to escape or die fighting."

if not, we must either try to escape or die fighting."

"It is about the escape I have been thinking, major. As our position grows more and more desperate, they will close round us, and although we might have possibly got through last night, our chances of doing to when they have once broken into the enclosure and begin to attack the house itself, are very slight. A few of us who can speak the language well.

might possibly in disguise get away, but it would be impossible for the bulk of us to do so."

"I quite see that, Bathurst."

"My proposal is, major, that we should be gin at once to mine, that is, to drive a gallery from the cellar and to carry it on steadily as far as we can. I should say that we have ten days or a fortnight before us before matters get to an extremity, and in that time we ought to be able to get, working night and day, from fifty to a hundred yards beyond the wall, aiming at a clump of bushes. There is a large one in Farquharson's compound, about a hundred yards off. Then, when things get to the worst we can work upwards, and come out on a dark night. We might leave a long fuse burning in the magazine, so that there should be an explosion an hour or two after we had left. There is enough powder there to bring the house down, and the Sepoys might suppose that we had all been buried in the ruins."

"I think the idea is a very good one, Bathurst. What do you think, doctor?"

"Capital," the doctor said. "It is a light sandy soil, and we should be able to get through it at a good rate. How many can work together do you think, Bathurst?"

"I should say two of us in each shift, to drive, and if necessary, prop the roof; with some of the natives to carry out the earth. If we have three shifts, each shift would go on twice in the twenty-four hours; that would be four hours on and eight hours off."

"Will you take charge of the operation, Bathurst?"

"With pleasure, major."

"Very well, then. You shall have with you Wilson and Richards and the three youngest of the civilians, Farquharson, Austin, and Herbert. You six will be relieved from other duty except when the enemy threaten an attack. I will put down Farquharson and Austin together. Which of the others would you like to have with you?"

"I will take Wilson, sir."

"Very well, then, Richards and Herbert will make the third party. After breakfast we can pick out the twelve strongest of the natives. I will tell them that they have to work, but that

So at breakfast the major explained the plan agreed upon. The five men chosen at once expressed their willingness to undertake the work, and the offer of half a rupee extra a day was sufficient to induce twelve of the servants to volunteer for it. The major went down to the cellars and fixed upon the spot at which the work should begin; and Bathurst and Wilson, taking some of the intrenching tools from the store-room, began to break through the wall without delay.

"I like this," Wilson said. "It is a thousand times better than sitting up there waiting till they choose to make an attack. How wide shall we make it?"

"As narrow as we can for one to pass along So at breakfast the major explained the plan

"A very short time sufficed to break through the wall.

"As narrow as we can for one to pass along at a time." Bathurst said. "The narrower it is the less trouble we shall have with the roof."

"But only one will be able to work at a time in that case."

"That will be quite enough," Bathurst said.

"It will be hot work and hard. We will relieve each other every five minutes or so."

A very short time sufficed to break through the wall.

"Thank goodness it is earth," Wilson said, thrusting a crowbar through the opening as

"Thank goodness it is earth," Wilson said, thrusting a crowbar through the opening as soon as it was made.

"I had no fear of its being rock, Wilson. If it had been they would not have taken the trouble to have walled the sides of the cellar. The soil is very deep all over here. The natives have to line their wells thirty or forty feet down."

have to line their wells thirty or lovy lead down."

The enemy were quiet all day, but the garrison thought it likely that, warned by the lesson of the night before, they were erecting a battery some distance farther back, masked by the trees, and that until it was ready to open fire they would know nothing about it.

"So you have turned miner, Mr. Wilson?" Isobel Hannay said to him as, after a change and a bath, he came in to get his lunch.

"I calculate I have lost half a stone in weight, Miss Hannay. If I were to go on at this for a month or two there would be nothing left of me."

me."

"And how far did you drive the hole?"

"Gallery, Miss Hannay, please call it a gallery, it sounds so much better. We got in five yards. I should hardly have believed it possible, but Bathurst is a tremendous fellow to work. He uses a pick as if he had been a sapper all his life. We kept the men pretty hard at work, I can tell you, carrying up the earth. Richards is at work now, and I bet him five rupees that he and Herbert don't drive as far as we did."

"There is not much use in betting now. Mr.

as we did."

"There is not much use in betting now, Mr. Wilson," Isobel said sadly.

"No, I suppose not, Miss Hannay; but it gives a sort of interest to one's work. I have blistered my hands horribly, but I suppose they will get hard in a day or two,"

"I wish we could now to complete the complete of the complete of

"I wish we could work at something," Isobel said. "Now that we have finished with the bags and bandages, the time seems very long; the only thing there is to do is to play with the children and to keep them good; it is fortunate there is a bit of garden for them to play in."

It is not much of a garden, Miss Hannay. "It is not much of a garden, Miss Hannay, We had something like a garden when I was a boy at home; the governor's is a jolly old rectory, with a splendid garden. What fun we used to have there when I was a young one. I wonder what the dear old governor and mater would say if they knew the fix we were in here. You know, sometimes I think that Forster's plan was the best, and that it would be better to try and make a dash through them."

Forster's plan was the best, and that it would be better to try and make a dash through them."

"We are in your way, Mr. Wilson; you wouldn't be able to do much fighting if you had one of us clinging to you."

"I don't know, Miss Hannay," Wilson said quietly, "what my fighting powers are, but I fancy if you were clinging to me I could cut my way through a good deal."

"I am sure you would do anything that anyone could do," the girl said kindly; "but whatever you might feel, having another person behind you could not but hamper you awfully. I would infinitely ratter try to escape on foot, for then I should be relying on myself, while if I was riding behind anyone and we were pursued or attacked, I should feel all the time as if I were destroying his chances, and that if it were not for me he would get away. That would be terrible. I don't know whether we were wise to stay here instead of trying to escape at once, but as uncle and Mr. Hunter and the others all thought it wiser to stay, I have no doubt it was; but I am quite sure that it could not have been a good plan to go off like that on horse back."

Another day passed quietly and then during the night the watch heard the sounds of blows with axes, and of falling trees.

"They are clearing the ground in front of their battery," the major, who was on the watch with his party, said; "it will begin in earnest to morrow morning. The sound came from just where we expected; it is about in the same line as where they made their first attempt, but a hundred yards or so further back."

At daylight they saw that the trees and hundred hand leveled and a battery with

back,"
At daylight they saw that the trees and bushes had been leveled and a battery with embrasures for six guns erected at a distance of about four hundred yards from the house. More sand bags were at once brought up from below and the parapet on the side facing the battery raised two feet and doubled in thickness. The garrison were not disturbed while so engaged.

so engaged.
"Why the deuce don't the fellows begin?"
Captain Forster said impatiently, as he stood looking over the parapet, when the work was finished.
"Levest they are waiting for the Raigh and I expect they are waiting for the Rejah and

might possibly in disguise get away, but it would be impossible for the bulk of us to do

Cleavers

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK
TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
Boap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring neuter, and contains ab the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough invegation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.L.C., F.C.S.
T. HONNE REDWOOD, F.L.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.L.C., F.C.S.

le Representative for Canada-CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., M

SMOOTH

The Berlin Chemical Co.

some of the principal Zemindars to come down," replied the major; "the guns are theirs you see, and will most likely be worked by their own followers. No doubt they think they will knock the place to plees in a few minutes. Listen! there is music; they are coming in state no doubt. Rintoul, will you tell the workers in the mine to come up. By the way, who are at work now?"

"Bathurst and Wilson. sir."

"Then tell Wilson to come up, and request Bathurst to go on with the gallery. Tell him I want that pushed forward as fast as possible, and that one gun will not make much difference here. Request the ladies and children to go down into the store-room for the present. I don't think the balls will go through the wall, but it is as well to be on the safe side."

Captain Rintoul delivered his message to the ladies. They had already heard that the battery had been unmasked and was ready to open fire, and lamps had been placed in the store-room in readiness for them. There were pale faces among them, but their thoughts were of those on the roof rather than of themselves.

Mrs. Hunter took up the bible she had been reading, and said, "Tell them, Captain Rintoul, we shall be praying for them." The ladies went into the room that served as a nursery, and with the ayahs and other female servants carried the children down into the store-room. "I would much rather be up there," Isobel said to Mrs. Doolan; "we would load the muskets for them, and I don't think it would be anything like so bad if we could see what was going on as being cooped up below fancying the worst all the time."

"I quite agree with you, but the men never will get to understand women. Perhaps before we are done they will recognize the fact that we are no more afraid than they are."

"The music was heard approaching along the road where the bungalows had stood. Presently a number of flags were raised in the battery amid a great beating of drums. On the previous day a flag staff had been erected on the roof, and a Union Jack was run up in answer to the enem

The doctor lay looking along his rifle; presently he fired, and as if it had been the signal five cannon boomed out almost at the same moment, the other being fired a quarter of a minute later. Three of the shot struck the house below the parapet, the other shot went overhead.

"I hit my man," the doctor said, as he thrust another rifle through the loophole. "Now we will see if we can't keep them from loading." Simultaneously with the roar of the cannon a rattle of musketry broke out on three sides of the house, and hall of bullets whistled over the heads of the defenders, who opened a steady fire at the embrasures of the guns. These had been run in, and the natives could be seen loading them. The major examined the work through a pair of field glasses.

"You are doing well," he said presently; "I have seen several of them fail, and there is a lot of confusion among them; they will soon get tired of that game."

Slowly and irregularly the guns were run out again, and the file of the defenders was redoubled to prevent them from taking alm. Only one shot hit the house this time, the others all going overhead. The fire of the enemy became slower and more irregular, and at the end of an hour ceased almost entirely.

"Doctor," the mejor said, "I will get you and Farquharson to turn your attention to some fellows there are in that high tree over there. They command us completely, and many of their bullets have struck on the terrace behind us. It would not be safe to move across to the stairs now. I think we have pretty well silenced the battery for the present. Here are my glasses. With them you can easily make out the fellows among the leaves."

"I see them," the doctor said, handing the glasses to Farquharson; "we will soon get them out of that. New, Farquharson, you take that fellow out on the lower branch to the right; I will take the one close to the trunk on the same branch."

Laying their rifles on the upper row of sand begs, the two men took a steady aim. They fired almost together, and two bodies were seen t

Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially o

LADIES the only remedy that really destroys the bals follicle. Perfectly Wonderfully Effective

Price 50 Cents AGENTS WANTED Berlin, Ont.

but they will soon clear out if you keep that

but they will soon clear out it you keep statup."

"They are not more than two hundred yards away," the doctor said, "and firing from a rest we certainly ought not to miss them at that distance. Give me the glasses again."

A similar success attended the next two shots, and then a number of figures were seen hasily climbing down.

"Give them a volley, gentlemen," the major said.

said.

A dozen guns were fired and three more men dropped, and an angry yell from the natives answered the shout of triumph from the gar-

A dozen guns were fired and three more dropped, and an angry yell from the natives answered the shout of triumph from the garrison.

"Will you go down, Mr. Hunter, and tell the laddes that we have silenced the guns for the present, and that no one has received a scratch? Now let us see what damage their balls have effected."

This was found to be triffing. The stonework of the house was strong and the guns were light. The stonework of one of the windows was broken and two or three stones in the walic cracked. One ball had entered a window, torn its way through two inner walls and lay against the back wall.

"It is a four-pound ball," the major said, taking it up. "I fancy the guns are seven pounders. They have evidently no balls to fit, which accounts for the badness of their firing, and the little damage they did, with so much windage the balls can have had but small velocity. Well, that is a satisfactory beginning, gentlemen; they will take a long time to knock the place about our ears as this rate. Now we will see if we cannot clear them out of the gardens. Captain Doolan, will you take the glasses and watch the battery; if you see any movement about the guns the fire will be re opened at once; until then all will devote their attention to those fellows among the, bushes; it is important to teach them that they are not safe there, for a chance ball might come in between the sand bags. Each of you pick out a particular bush, and watch it till you see the exact position in which anyone firing from it must be in, and then try to silence him. Don't throw away a shot if you can help it. We have a good stock of ammunition, but it is as well not to waste it. I will leave you in command at present, Doolan."

Major Hannay then went down to the store-room.

"I have come to relieve you from your confinement, ladies." he said. "I am glad to say

"I have come to relieve you from your confinement, ladies," he said. "I am glad to say that we find their balls will not penetrate the walls of the house alone, and there is therefore no fear whatever of their passing through them and the garden wall together; therefore,









West. Telephone 1807

knoma that ever know the suction of the suction of the suction of the suction of the successful that the successful that the successful the s

Iso

why ma-and get as i win you all to a

as long as the wall is intact there is no reason whatever why you should not remain on the floor above."

whatever why you should not remain on the floor above."

There was a general exclamation of pleasure.

"That will be vastly better, uncle," Isobel said; "it is hateful being hidden away down here when we have nothing to do but to listen to the firing; we don't see why some of us should not go up on to the terrace to load the rifles for you."

"Not at present, Isobel, we are not pressed yet. When it comes to a real attack it will be time to consider about that. I don't think any of us would shoot straighter if there were women up among us in danger."

"I don't at all see why it should be worse our being in danger than for you men, major," Mrs. Doolan said; "we have just as much at stake and more, and I warn you I shall organize a female mutiny if we are not allowed to help."

The major laughed.

"Well, Mrs. Doolau, I shall have to convert this store-room into a prison, and all who defy my authority will be immured here are now

"Well, Mrs. Doolan, I shall have to convert this store-room into a prison, and all who defy my authority will be immured here, so now you know the consequence of disobedience."

"And has no one been hurt with all that firing, Major Hannay?" Mary Hunter asked.

"A good many people have been hurt, Miss Hunter, but no one on our side. I fancy we must have made it very hot for them with the guns, and the doctor and Mr. Farquharson have been teaching them not to climb trees. At present, that firing you hear is against those who are hiding in the gardens."

An hour later the firing ceased altogether,

At present, that firing you hear is against those who are hiding in the gardens."

An hour later the firing ceased altogether, the natives finding the fire of the defenders so deadly that they no longer dared, by discharging a rifle, to show where they were hiding. They had drawn off from the more distant clumps and bushes, but dared not try and crawl from those nearer the house until after night-fall.

The next morning it was found that during the night the enemy had closed up their embrasures, leaving - only openings sufficiently large for the muzzle of the gun to be thrust through, and soon after daybreak they renewed their fire. The doctor and Mr. Farquharson alone remained on the roof, and throughout the day they kept up a steady fire at these openings whenever the guns were withdrawn. Several of the sand bags were knocked off the parapet during the course of the day, and a few shots found their way through the walls of the upper storey, but beyond this no damage was done. The mining was kept up with great vigor, and the gallery advanced rapidly, the servants finding it very hard work to remove the earth as fast as the miners brought it down.

Captain Forster offered to go out with three

armiese

Mective

Ont.

ep that

d yards n a rest at that

xt two major

natives he gar-

tell the for the cratch? ls have

nework

s were indows he wali

w, torn

r said,
seven
s to fit,
firing,
much
small
begintime to

tion to

there, en the ticular et posi-t be in, v away a good not to

store ar conto say ate the erefore arough refore,

the earth as fast as the miners brought it down.

Captain Forster offered to go out with three others at night to try and get into the battery and spike the guns, but Major Hannay would not permit the attempt to be made.

"We know they have several other guns," he said, "and the risk would be altogether too great, for there would be practically no chance of your getting back and being drawn up over the wall before you were overtaken, even if you succeeded in spiking the guns. There are probably a hundred men sleeping in the battery, and it is likely they would have sentries out in front of it. The loss of four men would seriously weaken the garrison."

The next morning another battery to the left

seriously weaken the garrison."

The next morning another battery to the left was unmasked, and on the following day three guns were planted, under cover, so as to play against the gate. The first bittery now concentrated its fire upon the outer wall, the new battery played upon the upper part of the house, and the three guns kept up a steady fire at the cate.



Employer (to porter)—Michael, Mr. Leger, the bookkeeper, complains of feeling ill. As this is the baseball season, you may see him home, and bring me a receipt for him, signed by his wife!—Puck.

honest way and only wanted to see her happy.

"I can't speak to him if he doesn't speak to me," she said desperately.

"No, of course not," he agreed, "but why shouldn't he speak to you? You can't have done anything to offend him except taking up with Forster."

"It has nothing to do with Captain Forster at all, Mr. Wilson; I —" and she hesitated. "I —said something at which he had the right to feel hurt and offended, and he has never given me any opportunity since of saying that I was sorry."

—said something at which he had the right to feel hurt and offended, and he has never given me any opportunity since of saying that I was sorry.

"I am sure you would not have said anything that he should have been offended about, Miss Hannay; it is not your nature, and I would not believe it whoever told me, not even yourself; so he must be in fault, and of course I have nothing more to say about it."

"He wasn't in fault at all, Mr. Wilson. I can't tell you what I said, but it was very wrong and thoughtless on my part, and I have been sorry for it ever since, and he has a perfect right to be hurt and not to come near me, especially as —," and she hesitated, "as I have acted badly since, and he has no reason for supposing that I am sorry. And now you must not ask me any more about it. I don't know why I have said as much to you as I have, only I know I can trust you, an I I like you very much, though I could never like you in the sort of way you would want me to. I wish you didn't like me like that."

"Oh, never mind me," he said earnestly, "I am all right, Miss Hannay; I never expected anything, you know, so I am not disappointed, and it has been awfully good of you talking to me as you have and not getting mad with me for interfering. But I can hear them coming down from the terrace, and I must be off. I am on duty there, you know, now. Bathurst has undertaken double work in that hole. I didn't like it, really; it seemed mean to be getting out of the work and letting him do it all, but he said that he liked work, and I really think he does. I am sure he is always worrying himself because he can't take his share in the firing on the roof, and when he is working he hasn't time to think about it. When he told me that in future he would drive the tunnel for our shiff himself, he said, "That will enable you to take your place on the roof, Wilson, and you must remember you are firing for both of us, so don't throw away a shot. It is awfully rough on him, isn't it? Well, goodbye, Miss Hannay," and Wilson hurried of The next morning another lattery to the left years were plained, under cover, so as to play against the gate. The first bixtery move concepts the passes of the passes of

We went to a bondre party the night after I received the water lilies. A great pile of sticks was made on the beach, and as it burst into fiame we all gathered in a circle about it, the light revealing many picturesque groups and great diversity of attitude as we accommodated ourselves to the shawls we spread on the sand.

sand.
Presently Harry Forrest crept up behind me.
"Who is sharing taffy so amiably with Miss
Morris on the other side of the fire? Why, it's
Murro. I wonder what brought him over this
evening."

Morris on the other side of the fire? Why, it's Munro. I wonder what brought him over this evening."

It was indeed Mr. Munro, bending in quite a tender manner over Birdie, who was sparkling wonderful glances at him, dimpling with fun. Someone was playing a banjo, and one by one the voices fell into an old chorns. The fire was burning low, and near us a girl was laughingly telling the fortune of a young fellow from his outstretched palm.

"I understand palmistry," said Harry, "let me see your hand.

"Yes," taking it gently, as I stretched it toward the waning frelight, "this means you are to have a long life, this that you will be happy. And," very daringly, "you're going to marry a tall dark man."

I knew his brown eyes were full of mischief, but I did not deign to notice this.

"Indeed! Is he handsome?"

"Well, that is for you to say."

Then I heard a man's voice say quite distinctly, "Harry is very attentive to that little girl; I wonder if she knows he is married."

I sprang to my feet.

"Mamma is beckoning me," I said; and when I went and whispered to her that I was tired and chilled, she took me home at once.

I would not tell her how my pride was hurt, and she did not know I never slept: I was too angry.

Over and over "that little girl" rang in my

and she did not know I never slept: I was too angry.

Over and over "that little girl" rang in my ears. That anyone should presume to think I cared if Harry Forrest was married!

In the morning my little sister L'llie wanted to bathe, and although I feit tired and wretched I went with her to see that she did not stay too long in the water.

L'illie's large eyes of forget-me-not blue gave her a most angelic look, but she was a dreadful pickle, and led me a sad life.

Plunging into the water in her ridiculous striped bathing suit, she entered into a mad game with some o'ther children who ware there.

"Come, Lillie dear," at length I said, "you have been in long enough."

"Come, Lillie dear," at length I said, "you have been in long enough."

My voice might have been the wind; Lillie ignored my mild request, and continued to aplash and prance about a few yards from the shore. Then I grew stern.

At this she ran towards me, but as I stretched out my hand to draw her in, she was gone again.

At last when I was tired of alternate scolding and coaxing, she came to me and was conveyed blue and shivering to the cottage.

Mamma was standing on the veranda, a telegram in her hand.

"Your father will be here to night, Thea, and we must return to town as soon as possible."

shide."

Of course I should be glad to see papa and it was a relief to get away from the Island, yet I felt sad, and as a wind rose, and large whitecrested waves splashed on the beach, it seemed that our happy holiday was over.

Towards evening, as I was alone on the prefix pur-

Towards evening, as I was alone on the veranda arranging a cluster of the pretty purple Island bells, Harry Forrest appeared. He had heard of our intended departure, and, talking in a confused, eager way, before I could stop him he had asked me to marry him.

"How dare you say this to me?" I asked with flaming cheeks, and I thought he would have qualled before my angry eyes which saw his deceit. But he only looked hurt and very much surprised, and when he asked me to explain I could not help telling him what I had heard.

"And did you think he meant me?" he said, still looking hurt. "Of course he was speaking of Munro. His name is Harry, too; his wife is at the sea-side. I was not alarmed about the little girl, as I thought Miss Birdie knew how to take care of herself."

Harry evidently thought I did not, for he seemed most anxious to assume that charge; and when paps came over by the last boat he was much surprised at the request which he received.

received.

And it turned out that pape knew Harry's father in England, and everything was quite satisfactory; and, in short, we are to be married in June of course.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. IF YOU ARE NERVOUS and cannot sleep, try it.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the Spring, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the Summer, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the Autumn, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the Winter, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found, no other medicine equal to AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Has cured others, will cure you

Lovers Are Nuisances.

Lovers Are Nuisances.

Have you wer been in a house where a couple are courting? It is most trying. You think you will go and sit in the drawing room, and you march off there. As you open the door you hear a noise as if someone had suddenly recollected something, and when you get in Emily is over by the window, full of interest in the opposite side of the road, and John Edward is at the other end of the room with his whole soul held in thrail by photographs of other people's relatives.

"Oh!" you say, pausing at the door, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"Oh, didn't you?" says Emily coldly, in a tone which implies that she does not believe you.

you. You hang about for a bit, says Jerome K. Jerome in Three Men in a Boat, then you re-It is very dark. Why don't you light the

"It is very dark. Why don't you light the gas !!"

John Edward says he hadn't noticed it, and Emily says papa does not like the gas lighted in the afternoon.

You tell them one or two items of news, and give them your opinion on the Irish question, but this does not appear to interest them. All the remark is, "Oh! is it?" "Did he?" "Yes," and "You don't say so!" And after ten minutes of such conversation you edge up to the door and slip out, and are surprised to find that the door immediately closes behind you and shuts itself without your having touched it.

and shuts itself without your having touched it.

Half an hour later you think you will try a pipe in the conservatory. The only chair in the place is occupied by Emily, and John Edward, If the language of clothes can be relied upon, has evidently been sitting upon the floor. They do not speak, but they give you a look that says all that can be said in a civilized community, and you back out promptly and shut the door behind you.

You are afraid to poke your nose into any room in the house now, so after walking up and down the stairs for a while, you go and sit in your own bedroom. This becomes uninteresting, however, after a time, and so you put on your hat and stroll out into the garden. You walk down the path, and as you pass the summer-house you glance in, and there are those two young idiots huddled up in one corner of it, and they see you and are evidently under the idea that, for some wicked purpose of your own, you are following them about.

"Why don't they have a special room for this sort of thing and make people stay in it?" you mutter, and you rush back to the hall, get your umbrella and go out.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.—I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for several years. Diamond Vera-Cura has effectually cured me. Considering it a duty to make known the fact, I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the many that you will undoubtedly receive. Diamond Vera-Cura tablets are certainly the most convenient, clean, and, I might say, inviting form of medicine that I have ever known. Yours appreciatively,

E. F. BASSETT.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25

At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 sents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

Strange Freaks of Women

The story is told of a lady of respectable position who ordered her apparel in such a way that it never could be said of her that she wore a pair of anything. She wore stockings of different colors and gloves of opposite hues; and, in the same way, introduced strong contrasts into other portions of her daily attire. When asked to give a reason for her eccentricity, she asked to give a reason for her eccentricity, she could only say that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in

to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in connection with dress might be cited, but it would be difficult to instance anything more absurd than the crase in France some quarter of a century ago for using snakes and insects as toilet adornments.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne used to keep a little live snake in her pocket, and, in spite of the entreaties of her husband and her friends, would insist upon having it for a companion at public functions.

Madame Musard wore a small viper on her neck amidst her splendid diamonds, and when she appeared in the box at the opera, every glass in the house was leveled at her as she sat scintillating with diamonds, and with the dark coil of the reptile's body setting off the whiteness of her neck.

Later on, the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful scarabeeus beetle. It was tethered to a ring by a very slender gold chain, which allowed the insect to run about on the lady's shoulder.

A young lady living in California some little while ago took it into her head that she would like to make horseshoes. It had been a favorite pastime of hers to watch a neighboring blacksmith at work, and she at last asked to be allowed to try her hand upon a shoe. Permission was grauted, and she did

so well that she continued the employment, and came to be largely patronized. Specimens of her handiwork were subsequently exhibited at San Francisco, and the blacksmith who taught her sent one of the horseshoes as a present to Queen Victoria.

Known by the Hand.

Known by the Hand.

A sculptor who believed that the character could be read from the hand, once declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than an idiot for his caution, but his hand judgment turned out correct after all, for another sculptor having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment.

Another of these hand readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there were some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers that he disliked. The matter weighted on his mind. He was a queer sort of fellow and plain-spoken.

"My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a very lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection, but the more I study your hand the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break off the engagement."

They did. She married another man, and

gagement."
They did. She married another man, and eloped with a third in less than four years.

An Easy "Bull's-Eye."

An Easy "Bull's-Eye."

A waggish broker, who is widely and popularly known on the stock exchange, is sojourning in the country, and he made considerable fun for himself and his associates last week. He is by no means noted as a marksman, and when he took half a dozen of his town associates round to the back of the house one morning and showed them a bullet embedded in the bull's-eye of a target, neatly painted on a barn door, the natural enquiry was—"Who fired the shot?"

door, the natural enquiry was—"Who fired the shot?"

'I fired the shot at a distance of two hundred yards," said the waggish broker earnestly.

'Oh, pshaw! Nonsense! Pooh-pooh! You couldn't have hit the barn at that distance," were the comments of his friends.

But the waggish broker was persistent, and he suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to bet.

Yes, two or three of them were willing to wager almost anything, from a dinner to a hundred pounds, that the young broker did not fire that shot. He took two bets—one of a dinner for ten men and another for a case of champagne. Then he brought out two witnesses—two distinguished men—who very soberly declared that they had seen him with a rifle, standing at a distance of two hundred yards away, put the bullet where it was.

The credibility of the witnesses was above suspicion, and the bets were paid by the losers. During the merry-making that followed, the waggish broker confessed that he had painted the shot.

is the best Cure for any wasting disease like La Grippe? Undoubtedly the only sure remedy known is

PEPTONIZED

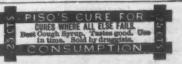
That sensible combination of Pepsin, Beef and Ext. Malt.

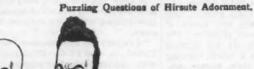
PRICE 25 CENTS

At All Drug Stores

For Spring and Summer. DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

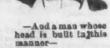
Delightfully Refreshing.













R-arrange his beard this WAY

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - . - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illus Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709. Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the busi-

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Propr's. Vol. V] TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892. [No. 33

The Drama.



HERE is a measure satisfaction in discovering that your own weakness is shared by others, and that the supposed peculiarities your own community are found to exist in a greater community which we have always regarded as the model of good form. I see that Clement Scott, the dramatic critic the Illustrated London News, has been taken in as completely in a certain matter

as have been succeeding generations of Toronto reporters fresh from the University with their imperfect theories and unimpaired good faith. Speaking of Bernhardt's present performance of Sardou's penny dreadful interpre-tation of Cleopatra, he says that Bernhardt "has always loved London and London audiences." That is a piece of flattery with which the divine Sarah has hoodwinked every city all round the world wherein she has appeared for a second time. She has, as local critics will testify, an affection for Toronto and Toronto audiences, and I think when last here she tried to explain to the representative of a daily paper how it was that she had grown to love us so. Other cities on both hemispheres had turned out larger audiences to meet her, but there was always lacking some measure of that appreciative sympathy and rare delicacy of judgment met with in Toronto. It did us good to hear her say so, but when I come to think of it, Joe Murphy, whose art is in another line, has very nearly the same feeling, though he never attempts to define it. Then Patti, when she was at the Pavilion a short time ago, seated on a couch and looking with a lorgnette through a chink in her dressing-room at the tumbling multitude fighting for five dollar seats, spoke almost with tears in her eyes of the excessive love she felt in her heart for Toronto and Toronto audiences. She also-it is a feminine trait-tried to go into a psychological analysis of her feelings toward us. So long as she could win unstinted applause in Toronto she could feel confident that her powers were not waning, for here there prevailed a refinement of musical feeling which she had sighed for in vain elsewhere throughout the world. But this was only a part of what was revealed by an examination of her heart. She loved Toronto still more because of the way the ladies dressed to hear her sing; elsewhere she had seen more display, more superficial grandeur, more diamonds and false hair, but never the refined elegance and simplicity of apparel worn in Toronto. That also was pleasant to the ear, but then I recollect Lewis Morrison coming out before the audience in the guise of that slippery fiend who ruined Faust and undermined the virtue of the angelic Marguerite, and with Satan's own insincerity of smile assuring the audience that he loved them as his very own. Keene, as the miserly and malicious Shylock and as the infamous Richard, has solemnly asserted his love for us: ves. and so has Robert Mantell and Roland Reed, and Hermann and all the kings and princes of minstrelsy, the queens of soubrettes and the houris of high kicking. Now we, the people of Toronto, are either the finest on earth or else are too easily flattered by the empty words of stage folks who talk for The fact that Bernhardt professes to a living. love London and London audiences and that the avowal of the passion is taken in trium. phant good faith by a critic like Clement Scott, has disquieted my soul within me by implying that Sarah is a flirt. You cannot depend on her affection after she boards the outgoing train. Yet if it is a professional habit to mock audiences everywhere with declarations of love. the news from London is comforting, for it shows that the metropolis of the world is as soft and as tenderly green as is this provincial

The same critic referred to above institutes the following comparison, and grieves over the departed glory of the London Royalty Theater: From the sublime to the ridiculous, from great art to absolute vulgarity. It was a curious contrast : the crowded, animated house when Sarah Bernhardt played in the English Opera House, and the wretched, low-class, down-at-heel show at the little Royalty in Dean street, Soho, when we and the public were asked to listen to a new dramatist who has some spite against the Jews. And the public was asked to pay half-a-guinea in order to enjoy the fun of Moses and Son. Ah me. what a falling off was there! I have had many a happy and merry evening at the little Royalty. There I saw Ellen Terry almost for the first time. She played a wonderful part, in which a serpent is supposed to twine round a lovely woman and drive her mad. 1 saw Adelaide Neilson play Juliet for the first time in her life. There I first saw Charles Wyndham and David James. I was present in Dean street when Burnand's Ixion took the town by storm on the first night-days of Ada Cavendish in burlesque, and Lydia Maitland and Felix Rogers and Jenny Wilmore. Here Frank Marshall produced his first farce, Mad as a Hatter, and research of beauty. Among American artists

went every night to laugh at it for a fortnight. Here came Patty Oliver and her pretty plays-Meg's Diversion and the like-and again Burnand's burlesque Black-Eyed Susan, with Patty Oliver and Fria Dewar; and now on the site where Miss Kelly founded her dramatic school it has drifted down to Moses and Son! French plays, the best of burlesques, light comedies, wholesome fun, gradually dwindle into Moses and Son. Will all London theaters come at last to this complexion, I wonder! Anything sadder than Moses and Son to an old play-goer cannot be cited, and I have already received indignant letters containing remonstrances for daring to stand in the way of young dramatists who were to expose abuses on the stage. No one can complain of the impersonality of the English stage. The unhappily married woman writes a play in order to dishonor that villain man; the wretchedly circumstanced man writes a play in order to air his misogynist principles; the man or woman who hates usurers, or tailors, or milliners, or candlestickmakers, all write plays in order to air their grievances. Why on earth do they not preach in Hyde Park? It would be a far less expensive entertainment than taking a theater in which to preach.

A remark made by a clever London lady the other day is worth recording. A gentleman whom she much dislikes said to her: "I know that you have a great and deserved reputation for artistic taste. Now would you kindly exercise it on my behalf by telling me whom you would recommend me to have my portrait painted by?" The reply was prompt: "By Rosa Bonheur.'

In the arens of the Wild West show in London, this week, a game of baseball will be played between a team of American actors and a team of American cowboys. The actors' nine will be captained by Burr McIntosh, and will include De Wolf Hopper, James T. Powers, Ned Cleary, Ed. and Sam Sothern, David Lyngworth, Howard Kyle and Nat Goodwin.

George W. Childs says that in his youth he had many offers of free theater tickets, but never accepted them. "There is a deep philosophy in this," comments the Spirit of the Times. "The person who accepts free admissions to a theater is demoralized forever afterward, and is never. willing to pay his way through life."

Art and Artists.

ONTAGUE MARKS writing in the Art Amateur discusses in an interesting way a picture of disputed origin : 'Among the picture exhibitions of the season I have been looking forward to seeing the Rembrandt du Pecq. Mr. Yerkes said that he would show it in New York-to oblige a friend, But he has it in Chicago, and he is not showing it to anybody. All personal gossip on the subject aside, the painting must be one of great interest, no matter who painted it. There is an etching of the picture in the Gazette des Beaux Arts, of April, 1890, and the arguments as to the claim that it is by Rembrandt are very fairly considered. The subject is said to be Abraham and the Three Angels; but while two of the younger figures are winged, the third, on whom all eyes are fixed, is an ordinary mortal. It has also been suggested that the picture may have been meant for Raguel receiving at his table the young Tobias and the archangel Raphael. But who, then, would be the all-important fourth personage? Judging from the accessories, it is the Passover feast that is represented; but who the partakers may be no one seems able even to suggest. It appears from the Gazette that Mr. Bonnat and Mr. Emile Michel, connoisseurs eprouves, pronounced against the attribution of the painting to Rembrandt. On the other hand, there is nothing to show decidedly that it is the work of any of his pupils. though Arnold de Gelder, de Panditz, Dietrich, Boland, Van den Eeckhout have all been spoken of in connection with it. Blue eyes, the writer in the Gazette thinks, would appear in many of Rembrandt's paintings but for the coat of yellow varnish that covers them. Palette knife-work, such as is seen in this picture, is found in several. Mr. Georges Monval has discovered that a certain painting, the Benediction, attributed to Rembrandt, was art of the collection of a Robert Soyer, sold in 1802, and believes that this is the picture. However this may be, Mr. Louis Gonse, who writes the Gazette article, is of opinion that the picture is worthy of Rembrandt. He says, though, that it has suffered much in being transferred to a new canvas, about the beginning of this century. The varnish and glazings have almost completely disappeared, he remarks, and the solidly painted parts have suffered still more. lucky retouches have been made; still the head of the central figure, which he takes to be intended for the Almighty, has luckily escaped almost intact."

Theodore Child, writing from Paris of the exhibition in the Champs de Mars, says: "W. T. Dannat's Femmes Espagnoles is one of the sensational pictures of the Salon, and so unlike the work of any other painter living or dead that the critics seem hardly to know what to say about it, after they have rendered tribute to the painter's skill, to his admirable drawing and to the variety of attitude and expression which the artist has given to his figures. As for the color, it is absolutely personal and novel, and of an intensity and charm of harmony that words cannot describe. The Femmes Espagnoles represent six Spanish women, life size, sitting on a bench, clapping their hands, anapping their fingers and encouraging with voice and gesture the Flamenca dancer who is not shown in the picture. Mr. Dannat has the satisfaction of having produced a complete picture, the expression o his own dream, bearing the mark of his own refined and subtle personality-a work that has the privilege of provoking vio-lent discussion, and of inspiring in some strong admiration and in others equally strong detestation. In these days of indifference surely this is no small success. Mr. Dannat's five small pictures are all excellent, and indicative on the part of the artist of a persistent

who exhibit works of more or less merit are Messrs. J. G. Borglum, J. Briggs-Potter, F. B. Chadwick, Miss Harriet C. Foss, Kenneth Frazier, Miss Lilian Greene, W. H. Hyde, A. P. Lucas, Marcus Simons, Mrs. Elizabeth Nourse, A. V. Renouf-Whelpley, Miss M. K. Trotter, Leslie Cauldwell, Miss Amy Cross Miss Adele McGinnis, Howard Cushing, Miss Jenny Haight, S. F. Holman, Henry Muhrmann, Angelico Patterson.

Mr. P. Clements Taber speaking of Bougue reau says: "He is very fond of the American people, and can smile very sweetly when talking with, or of, the Americans, but does not speak English at all. He says he will give the Americans fifty years only to excel the world in art. An American art student can certainly accomplish more in three years than a Frenchman can in five. His house and studio is 73 Rue Notre Dame de Champs, a short walk from the Luxembourg, in the Latin quarter, where most of the American art students are located. The American Art Club is in that locality also. Bouguereau is not handsome, but has a kind, pleasant face, except when he sees a drawing that does not please him. His face tells the story whether he likes the work done by the student or not. He is a small, thick-set man with gray hair and beard and small, bright eyes. He is of light complexion, with a more ruddy tint than most of the French people. He stands very high with the nation, ranking almost next to the President, I am told, there. He is considered the finest draughtsman in the world, but some of the French people think he paints too smooth and pretty. Others almost venerate him in that espect. He is a widower, and his piece in the Luxembourg called Consolation was painted after the death of a little son. Rumor says he is engaged to Elizabeth Gardner, formerly of New Hampshire, U. S., who has taken private lessons of him for twenty-five years. Her paintings are so like his one has to look for the name.

The Game of Beggar Toss.



N the wayside sat a crippled beggar upon a stool, and hanging over his breast was a framed petition to the charitable to help a worthy man who had been the victim of an unfortunate accident and who, through inability to speak English,

was debarred from even the pitiable resource of begging in the language understood by the passing multitude.

Two youths of sober mien came along, each carrying books and walking slowly. They were products of the time-crammed with theories and rules of morality, versed in theology and grounded in all the good principles that hoary heads have enunciated. They were the finished product of the day school run by electricity and of the Sunday school run with a belief in the practicability of perfect holiness. Young in years they had bargained away the sap of youth for the precious dust of wisdom accumulated in the process of nature only by the aged. They were honest, good and just, commencing each with himself and thence radiating his justice out to the limits of mankind. It was quite a span, you see, out to this wayside beggar. "What is your opinion about such character

as this?" asked one, as they sauntered up. "Well, I seldom give them anything. I have read that in New York some of these fellows make as much as twenty dollars a day, and this one seems to pull along all right, for I've

een him around for years. He may be comfortably off, or he may get lots of money and drink it. It is risky giving money to such people! "You're right. I object to the whole principle of the thing. Now what right has this man who can't speak English to be here living on the charity of Canadians? Why is he not shipped back to Italy, or France, or wherever he comes from? His own countrymen should support him. The Government should take hold and put a stop to this sort of thing.'

And they sauntered out of hearing, discussing the duty of governments, the relations of labor and capital and the essential depravity of the average beggar. Each walked along calmly debating these vast problems, while in his midst lay an undigested dinner, verandahed over by stooping shoulders and stilted up on spindle shanks.

Along come two other young men of different stamp. They too are products of the time. Not proving sufficiently malleable for the educa tional machinery in vogue, they were allowed to fall aside in disfavor. It is the fate of onehalf those who are born nowadays. They are stout, powerful animals who can digest anything they can eat; they carry no books, having learned to hate them in the school-room, and though they could give just as serviceable an opinion on the duty of governments as any pedantic young pale-face who pities their supposed stupidity, they are thinking of other matters just now. They are out evincing their gladness at being alive.

"Hello," says one, "look at this poor codger vithout feet. Got a copper?" "Oh, make it a nickel," said the other.

"Now you hold on. I've got a scheme. We'll pitch coppers at his tin cup and if you put yours in and I don't he gets my copper-We'll call it Beggar Toss, and here goes." In a few minutes one of the young men had forfeited three coppers to the beggar, who was now smiling with keen interest in the new

"I haven't any more coppers," he said, "but I'll tell you what I'll do-I'll go you three times with quarters instead of coppers. What d'ye say ?

They pitched that game out and when it was over one had left twenty-eight cents and the other fifty cents with the astonished beggar.
And as they went laughing down the street,
followed by the eyes of the beggar on the wayside, I would not be surprised if he and I compared the two sorts of young men and recorded
a similar mental verdict.

Zeke.

Not Afraid.

Husband—If you don't stop using those cosmetics you'll have facial paralysis.
Wife—Well, you've often said my features look best in repe

Cricket News.

T is quite a notable thing for a local cricketer to make a century, but P. C. Goldingham has accomplished it twice already this season, making 101 not out against 'Varsity a few weeks ago and retiring for 104 in the game against Whitby on Dominion Day. This latter was a high scoring game, on one side at least, Toronto making 268 against Whitby's 20. Saunders was run out at 65, P. Barton made 24, Wood 17, Capt. Brown 14, Shanly 10 and Jones 10.

On the Bloor street grounds the Toronto club on the same day defeated Pickering. In the first innings the winners made 144, of which Fleury's 68 was the feature. He batted with rare patience until an opportunity came; then he hit unmercifully. Lorne Cosby 22, F. W. Terry 21, Stokes 10 and Jack Counsell 6 not out, were the other winning contributions. The Pickering bowling was more destructive in the second innings and the Torontos were retired for the smaller score of 53, but be it said Fleury was absent. Of Pickering's 86 in the first innings Joe Clark made 35, Turnbull 14, and W. Gormley 11 not out. In the second innings they put up 64 for seven wickets when time was called. T. Andrew put up 38 of this total by hard and well judged hitting, until he was well caught at the boundary line by Counsell. C. H. C. Wright, whose sharp fielding was repeatedly applauded, was batting in nice form and carried his willow out for 8. On both sides the field work was much above the average. At point Andrew caught Terry out both times on lightning drives that few would

Forrester of the East Torontos has been batting in fine style all season and mounted up to 70 against Peterboro' on Friday, never giving a chance until his score was nearly finished. In the first innings he made 16. The other scorers were: Crosby, 21 and 4; Berry, 0 and 23; Stephenson, 5 and 15, making totals of 66 and 145. Peterboro' only scored 34 and 36, and doubtless the visitors regretted the absence of those old-timers, Ray, Stratton, Rutherford and Rogers. Morgan made 10 and 9; Oldfield, 2 and 19, and Danford, 13 and 0.

In the game against the C. P. R. on Saturday Garrett, of the Junction team, retired after

Chatham is playing to win this year, and its atest victory was over Sarnia, 74 to 53. It defeated Trinity by 105 to 86. Kolpoge, Kenny, Horstead, Atkinson and Richards did it.

The Ottawa Club continues to march triumphantly along, on Friday defeating McGill by 146 to 50 and 56. Warden scored 39; Acland 30; Bentley, 21; Little 13, and Turton, 10 no

Trinity had a draw with London Asylum the latter scoring 176, of which Walker made 80: S. D. Smith, 34, and Bacon, 22. For Trinity A. F. R. Martin put up 59 not out; Robertson 24, and M. S. McCarthy, 4 not out when time was called, the score being 88 for one wicket. Trinity finished an eventful tour on Saturday by defeating the M. A. A. eleven of Detroit by 111 to 71. Martin contributed 37, and Heward 29 not out. A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

The Tragedy of War.

They do not call it murder when men meet to slaughter each other in battle. They simply report so many dead, wounded, and missing. Here is a brigade of us in battle-line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail

fence, gathered logs and brush and sod, and erected a breastwork. It is only a slight one. but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away, and comes marching down upon us.

They are going to charge us. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wear ing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes earer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the es to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps. and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame-a billow of smoke-a fierce crash-and 4,000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another, and another, until there was no longer a living man

The smoke drifts slowly away-men cheer and yell-we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut, and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet struck him, tearing that ghaetly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer! Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life. - Detroit Free

Did Very Well.

Friend-Well, the hanging committee accept ed your picture.

Artist—Eh? Wha—? I haven't sent any picture. My picture, A Foggy Morning, was to be sent but the stupid man made a mistake.

"What did he take?" "An old frame with a piece of spoiled canvas

in it."
"Well, they took it anyhow. You know it's

Waiting and Watching for Me.

urday Night. I dreamed last evening of Heaven The beautiful home "over there,"
Where our loved once are peacefully resting, Free from all surrow and care. I heard the sweet song of the range inging "Praise to our Saviour be," As I watched, I saw one o'er the river Stand waiting and watching for ms.

Some were roaming along the bright river. Some were sitting at rest on the shore, Watching the silvery waves breaking, As the life-boat passed swiftly o'er; Each time the boat stemmed the curren And landed some soul o'er the ses, That loved one stood waiting and watching, Yes, waiting and watching for me

'Twas the bride one summer morning I brought to my cottage home, Where the flowers she tended blossom, And the wild bees among them roam; It seemed that day was sweeter,
More joyous than other could be,
But now on the bank of the river She's waiting and watching for me

I stood by her side the evening Her feet touched the shadowy tide. And the messenger angels were waiting To bear her o'er to that side. She said, as I pressed her cold fingers,
"When I get to that home o'er the sea,
On the bank of the river I'll sver Stand waiting and watching for thee."

They say in that home o'er the river, There is perfect happiness given, And all the good here we wish for Will be ours in the kingdom of heaven; And I know that I will be happy In that beautiful home o'er the sea, For heaven seems near when I think of The one who is watching for me.

Soon will life's driftings be over, And my ransomed spirit will soar Away to that home o'er the river, To meet those who've gone on before; And the Saviour who died as a rane In that beautiful world I shall see, d the one who waits by the river Will watch no longer for me. Cobourg, Ont.

And Will We Never Meet Again.

(Air-The Harp of Tara)

For Saturday Night.

And will we never meet again As in the days of yore?
And is she gone, my youthful love—
Gone forever more? Again the lilars budding forth The hallowed spot adorn, Where she and I together met That well-remembered morn

> The rapturous pleasure of my heart I never can forget, As coming through the leafy lane Our bashful glances met. Her beauteous form seemed to me With heavenly grace endowed, And as we neared my boylsh heart Was throbbing wild and loud

Her simple gown in artices grace Enwrapt her form free, Her curling looks the amorous winds Entwined in wanton glee. Her face was fair beyond compare, Her eyes a heavenly blue, And when she smiled from out their depths A radiant beauty flew.

The sky was clear without a cloud, Twas in the lovely May, And the breath of coming sur Made nature glad and gay. But sweeter than the lovely May And brighter than the morn, And fairer than the rose was she Who left my heart forlors

The lilacs stooping kim the place That marks our parting last, And tender Hay flowers grace the path Where she, my darling, passed; While on the air a trem A murmuring to my ear, The spirit of her voice is is That loves to linger near.

Smith's Falls, Ont. JAMES F. DELANEY.

Song.

For Saturday Night. Once in a purple twilight Long and long ago, I stood outside your window Where the ruses bend and blow, And heard you sing a love sons Tender and sweet and free, But I did not dream that in singing

> And in that purple twilight My heart was overcome By the breath of that song, and I loved you ! But my tongue was dry and dum For you were a highborn lady, And what could an artist be So I stole away not knowing You were singing of me, of me !

Since then in a far-off country. When the evening aky was pale. A nightingale at the casemon Told me the whole sad tals. You are dead, and my heart is broken. But ah! this might not be, Had I only known in the twilight You were singing of me, of me!

The Smile,

urday Night. One day, very tired and lonely, Out upon the crowded street Forth I wandered, thinking only, Trudging 'mid the snow and sleet Oh, that some loved faces smil Chancing on my weary way Would my aching heart beguiling Rob it of the cares of day.

Scarcely had I ceased my sighing.
Just for one sweet loving smile,
When I caught two blue eyes trying.
To entrance me all the while;
Then she bluehed to see how gladly.
I returned the smile she gave,
But she little knows how madly
Such arbither smile I crave.

ADAHAG

Now and Then.

For Saturday Night, BYES.

Between You and Me.

suggests steamboats, reminded me that this is picnic season. The thought clung to me and a few minutes ago I let my pen fall and a smile curled the corners of my mouth as I went again on the picnics of long ago. We had picnics with some style about them then. There was a band, always the center of an admiring circle, and a merrygo-round, hired for the occasion. Mimico was the fashionable picnic place. A small creek procrastinated on its way to the lake at one side of the grounds. Beyond lay a marsh where bold parties of children went for flags. I have been at many picnics in Mimico, but never at one where some unhappy child was not carried up from the creek, dripping and tearful, to be dried in the shed where the stove stood, an irritated Sunday school teacher shrilling after the procession, "Johnny, I told you not to go there." These picnics lasted all day; we had two large meals and carried home a bag of sweets, bags made of blue, yellow, green or pink tarletan that stained the already gaudy sweets frightful hues. We didn't mind and many an empty bag sank beneath the blue waters of Mimico bay on our homeward path. It was a point of honor to empty these bags rapidly. A worthy but guileless leading mem ber of the church distributed them, and small boys went up in platoons, their coat bosoms already swelled with ill-gotten gairs, to receive another supply. We were seated in ranks on the grass and partook of unlimited sandwiches and cake, washed down with lemonade; milk was provided for those of more tender years. We had tarts then; now they say tarts are bad for children. We didn't think so. Then there were the swings and the accompanying casualties. On one occasion when lifted up toward heaven I was dashed to earth. I was rushing for sympathy where I knew I would find it, when I was waylaid and patted on the back by the bibulous wife of an unworthy blacksmith. It was worse than my wild descent. Since then I have assisted at picnics in various capacities. I have coped vigorously with masses of cake, baskets of bread, ponds of lemonade, and rivers of tea. I have known the peculiar ache that comes only from washing dishes in a tub standing on an insufficient support where hired help had proved a useless thing. I have felt the dis-

I hope it may fall to your lot, fellow sisters, to put up your fruit on a cool day. I have yet to meet a woman who has any decided fondness for preserving. Boiling the fruit and pouring it into the glass bottles must be done by oneself. But don't do the preparing alone if you can help it. Be sure to make yourself com fortable, have as many chairs as you like; there is really no virtue in being uncomfortable and it is much easier on the temper. Select a cool place, to do your picking in if you can. Two girls I knew once who had not a cool working place rose early, as soon as it was light, and when a third member of the family got up she found them sitting by a syringe with the last handful of cherries in their red-stained fingers and great basins full of the ruddy fruit beside them. At breakfast time they talked of nothing but dawn, sunrise and the song of the first robin. It was rather conceited of them, because they had never done it before and I doubt if they have ever done it since. But if you want to pick over your fruit in peace and coolness, do it when only the birds are astir.

traction of seeking over a ship for a small boy

who refused to materialize until his mother.

sisters and Sunday school teacher had sounded

the depths of despair. But still I am an ardent

supporter of picnics.

Have any of you ever known a little maid who thought overmuch of her clothes? I have. Last summer as I lay in a hammock one Sunday afternoon, I overheard a good young lady teaching this little maid as much of a Sunday school lesson as would go into her small mind. She didn't get on very well, I mean the young lady. The little maid was unusually obtuse, and turning on a lazy elbow pink dress and polishing with her chubby hands a pair of diminutive boots. The young lady hesitated a moment under my enquiring eye, and then said very gently: "Mabel, which do you think makes the most difference, the clothes or the girl inside the clothes?" And with guileless accent and uplifted eyes the little maid replied, sighing with certainty, "The clothes." The young lady tried to en lighten her, but I hid my laughter under my book, the little maid was so sure and so evidently thought so herself. The Sunday school lesson stopped presently and Mabe trotted out of the gate, unfurled a small white parasol and began to walk up and down the dusty road swinging her small skirts much as some of us might do on King street.

"Well, were you able to change her mind? "No," said the young lady despairingly. She added more hopefully, "I think I will some

time," Whose fault was it? I don't know, but I am sure the little maid wasn't born so. PENNY.

Individualities.

The spot where Daniel Webster was born, at South Franklin, N. H., has been marked by a huge boulder and a flag-staff fifty feet high. Miss Moody, daughter of the well known evangelist, is traveling in the East. She writes vividly of events and scenery of Egypt.

Miss Margaret Thomas recently found, about a mile from the city of Bath, England, the house in which Fielding wrote his Tom Jones. The house is roofed with red tiles, has a stone front, in summer almost completely hidden under creapers and shrubs, and stands a little

Joel Chandler Harris's favorite book in his youth was The Vicar of Wakefield, which he read and re-read so often that he can still repeat many pages of it. He found it in the library of Col. Turner, for whom he worked as a boy in publishing the Countryman, a journal of which grief she is borne away, to join the rest in the

Mr. Harris gives many reminiscences in his last book, On a Plantation.

GROUP of children hurrying Lord Tennyson, who is in exceptionally good past us to day with the speed health, has not yet left Farringford for Aldand excitement that always worth, said the Athenœum of June 4. He is much interested in the artillery volunteer corps that his son has been raising in the Isle of Wight. Riflemen, Forth, it will be remembered, was one of the first things to stir Englishmen to become volunteers in 1859, and it has always been a great desire of his to see the movement extend much more widely than it has

> What a pity that Mrs. Gladstone is not an actress or a prima donna, for she has just had an opportunity of advertising herself that would have been a godsend to a member of either of those professions. She lost a £400 pair of diamond earrings in a railway carriage. After some telegraphing back and forth, they were found among the sweepings at the place where the carriage was cleaned. In the grati-tude of her heart Mrs. Gladstone gave £4 to a railway charity and a guinea to the man who found the jewels.

Since the betrothal of Crown Prince Ferdi nand of Roumania to Princess Marie of Edin burgh, Mile. Helene Vacaresco, whose love affair with the Crown Prince caused such a disturbance in Roumanian politics a short time ago, has been sending to Princess Marie every two or three days a love letter written to he by the Crown Prince during their courtship. The Queen has vainly entreated Mile. Vacaresco to surrender the correspondence. The Duke of Edinburgh has asked the Roumanian Government to interfere in the matter.

M. Paderewski is said to have pocketed over a thousand pounds by his pianoforte recitalthe only one given by him in London this season-at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, June 14. So great was the desire to hear the famous Polish virtuoso again that amateurs did not deem a guinea too high a price to pay for the privilege of occupying a stall or a chair upon the orchestra. The audience was as enthusiastic as it was crowded and M. Paderewski will not readily forget the series of ovations that greeted him in the course of the afternoon,

Two women have been elected to fellowship at Yale University, and are the first to receive the distinction, Miss Mary Graham, Wes leyan, '89, who stood second in her class and received first honors in political science, has received a graduate fellowship. She has been teaching at the Mount Holyoke College. The other, Miss Mary Augusta Scott, an A.M. of Vassar, who has studied at Johns Hopkins and at the University of Cambridge, Eng., will work for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Both will begin their studies at Yale in the

Mr. Gordon Wilson of the Blues, Sir Samuel's eldest son, is "that Eton boy" who a decade ago had the honor of saving the life of the Queen in the manner described in all the papers at the time, he having struck up the arm of the madman who had pointed a pistol at Her Majesty's head during one of her visits to Eton, so that the bullet sped harmlessly. In November of last year Mr. Gordon Wilson married Lady Sarah Churchill, daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, one of the bevy of pretty, graceful girls who attended her to the altar being the young lady who has now ecome Countess of Huntington

In his diary under the date of October 3, 1789, General George Washington made this entry Sat for Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." What is believed to be the original portrait of Washington painted on iyory is now in the possession of Mr. H. S. Stabler of Lynchburg, Va. It was painted by Ramage, an Irish miniature painter of that time, for Mrs. Washington, from whom Betty Washington, afterwards Mrs. Betty Lewis, had it. She in turn left it to her granddaughter, through whom it has come by inheritance to Mr. Stabler. The miniature is in a timeworn case and in the back is a lock of Washington's hair. It is a beautiful piece of work and under a magnifying glass bears the closest inspection. The locket holding the miniature and the lock of hair is about two and a half inches in length. The great general is painted in his full uniform with epaulettes.

My Time Has Not Yet Come.

An Episode of the Cholera Epidemic in India 1884. As we look back into the past and follow our thoughts down the long vista of time, there are certain things that arrest our attention as having impressed themselves more vividly or our memory, and we stop to think on them.

Those who have watched at the bedside of dving patient, as the last feeble rays of life depart this world, leaving behind a mourner's portion for those dear and near, may remembe some incident of those silent hours of the night watch which time fails to obliterate.

It was towards the end of the warm weather when after many months of parching heat the very earth as it cracked in long, rugged fissures seemed to gape open-mouthed for the rain that was so much needed and prayed Little birds as they flitted lightly for! from bough to bough under the canopy of over hanging foliage, seemed daunted by the flerce and deadly glare to trespass under its immediate influence. Such weather has its accompanying evils-and cholers is one of the

The sickly squalor of the natives and their closely inhabited quarters form one of the attending difficulties in the great battles against this deadly disease. Poor half-starved naked children, wasting away from neglect while their parents lay prostrated perhaps in the hut, stricken with cholera, which has but

one issue for them. The sad, mournful procession of relatives carrying their dead to a place of burial, or to the water's edge to be burnt, where, after the last flickering embers of the fire died out, the rest was left to the mercy of jackals and birds

of prey. Here a weeping mother as she gently bends over her departed son and lifts the pall to gain one last look at that pallid face that knows her not, and as her lips touch the cold, lifeless brow a tremor seizes her, the sickness of death comes over her, and in the extremity of her

great hereafter. There an old man, decrepit, bent with age and grief, patiently awaiting his doom with true oriental fortitude. Allah is great; Allah is good; it is my Fate.

So far the ravages of the disease had entirely been limited to the bazaars, and despite the unflagging energy of doctors who worked day and night among the sufferers, there was apparently but little improvement, as the heart-rending sights on every hand had plainly testified.

There was a small gathering at the club that evening, but the general inertia caused men to sit round in sullen groups, glaring anxiously at the punkah as it swung lazily to and fro, and calling vociferously for brandy and soda as their thirst prompted them

"What did you say, Breif? Do I believe in spirits and spiritualism?" asked Marshall, as he coolly chalked his cue. "No, no, most emphatically no. What on earth put such an idea into your head, old man?" he continued, as Breif reiterated his remark.

"Well, I don't know," said the former, "I had a chat with my Kunsamah to-day, and although I had a fairish idea of the extent of the epidemic, I really never dreamt it had gone so far. The poor fellow says he has lost three children, and the stress he laid on his belief in spirits and all that, I suppose, brought the subject to my mind just then,

"Oh, these fellows have a knack of making up a plaintive tale. Probably he would be glad to lose a kid or two. You are too tenderhearted, Breif, old man, to deal with these rascals."

"You have had more experience with them, no doubt, and have survived preceding epidemics, but it makes a man in my position consider the situation all round when he finds death so close to his own door," answered the little barrister, for such he was, with a gentle disposition, and a young wife and child in England.

"Boy," shouted the inexorable Marshall, where's that drink? Oh, how about ice? Then go and get some, you son of a sea cook. How do you expect a man to drink brandy and soda without lots of ice? All right, set it on the shelf. Your play, Breif, and pray have some respect for my ball-pocket your cue if you can't do anything else."

The game proceeded slowly as one by one they took their turns, swearing during the intervals at the heat, mosquitos, and the poor unfortunate punkah boy who would go to

"Your play again, Breif; pot the red ball for a change. Go on, old man. Do you find the heat very oppressive?"

"Yes, I-I do-I feel ill. Let's chuck up the game. Bring me a cool drink, boy."

"Here, go and wake that boy up. I'll smash his miserable head if I go there. Punkah tano," shouted the irritated Marshall as he despatched a small boy with a gentle tap behind the head.

All attention was eagerly turned to the little form of the barrister as he lay on the platform at the head of the billiard table. The con tracted eyebrows and spasmodic twitching of his whole body explained the case, and in lieu of words to express themselves the look that passed from one to the other as they stood round in sympathetic silence belied the trouble that they all expected.

"How do you feel, Breif ! Is there any pain !" queried Marshall, as he gently raised the barrister's head to administer the cool beverage.

"No, not much, I shall soon be over it-the heat-Oh! how I feel this oppressive climate! Thanks, I can't drink any more just now. I think I'll go home."

"Lie still, old man, we'll send for a cart and ee you home."

Not until then had the enormity of the danger dawned on them, and now when in the presence of the dread disease all thought of self preservation vanished in their eagernes to relieve the sufferings of the dying man.

"To Breif Sahib's bungalow," said Marshall directing the coachman, "and don't drive fast, the sahib is unwell."

Time was precious and a doctor's assistan of paramount importance.

The news had spread like wildfire, and the good doctor, though much over-worked, left untouched his evening meal as his servant broached the subject, and repaired in all haste

"Good evening, doctor; glad to see you. By jove, it takes a Bengalee to carry news, eh?" 'Yes : just heard that Breif had been taken, Give that man his fare, Marshall. That's right, take my arm, old man.

With professional care the sick man was soon nsconced in a comfortable couch and anxiously attended to.

A night watch was organized, and those who had not then dined made haste to do so at their several bungalows, to return at appointed times during the night to relieve the others. "Sad affair, doctor," said Marshall, as he

jauntily walked down the hill. "Do you think he'll pull through?" "It's hard to say-he hasn't a strong consti-

tution, and this heat has pulled him down, The two walked on quietly to the junction of

the roads at the foot of the hill, staring casually on either side as if seeking an interpretation of the general gloom and death-like silence. Where have you put up?" queried the

doctor, as they stopped to shake hands. "At the Fay's. Good night, doctor-see you

Marshall was a man of jovial disposition who generally took life easily-a lover of dogs and orses, and a tea planter by profession. The barrister's strange questions at the club and the unexpected occurrence of the evening puzzled him not a little and crowded out pleasanter reflections. "Don't like to hear a man talk of spirits in that mood and look so glum-bad sign," he soliloquized and started off at a brisker pace as the unholy yells of jackals broke the silence and inter rupted his reveries.

Hello, Marshall, how's poor old Breif? asked several voices as he entered the dining room and found them all at table.

Well, I suppose there's no use mincing natters, Breif is pretty bad, and I fear the worst. That's awfully sad. Who's there attending

to him ? "I left Wardell at his place and intend re



-M. HVICKING

H's Sister's Accepted—And will Willy be sorry when I marry his sister \ref{Milly} (feelingly)—Yes, I will—for I like you.

turning as soon as I can."

"You look tired, Mr. Marshall: have something cool to drink."

"No, thanks, Mrs. Fay-I-I don't know what's the matter with me. I felt all right on the way, and intensely hungry, but now-"It's this brutal heat," joined in Mr. Fay.

Try something Marsh, keep your pecker up." "Please excuse me, Mrs. Fay; I think I'll take a stroll on the veranda; it will soon pass

What then did this mean? Was Marshall. the jolly, general favorite to be taken from them at such short notice? Even now as he left the room his vacant chair seemed to cast a shadow into the future, when Marshall would be no more

Silently the dinner came to a close. No one spoke. Their thoughts followed the steps in the veranda as he quietly paced to and fro. The steps suddenly stopped, and the tall

figure of Marshall, pale and looking much fatigued, entered the doorway. "I promised Wardell to be there, but I can't

-it's no use," he said, "No, you mustn't attempt it. Marsh, the

doctor'll be here soon. "Oh, you needn't have troubled-my light's nearly out," and his voice had that sympathetic yet satirical tone which men who have to face the inevitable adopt, and it was unpleasant to

The night wore slowly on, through terrible hours of heat and discomfort, intensified by myriads of mosquitos—and still the patients lingered. The moon that had shone so brightly during the early part of the night, now dimmed and disappeared as a thick black cloud overspread its surface. Another and yet another cloud of inky hue, and the whole heavens seemed to move en masse as the fleecy white tops rolled on at intervals like winged heralds of the skies. A little breeze, so feeble in its infancy, rustled among the tree tops as if to feel the pulse of the withering leaves and please all living things with its gentle lullaby. And with the freshening breeze came the sad news that

all expected-Breif had passed away. Strict silence was enjoined of everyone on the subject in the presence of the sick bed, as opes were entertained of his recovery.

He lay still as if in a deep sleep, anxiously watched by his attendants, and the house was as silent as the tomb.

he curtains gently casting strange shadows on the walls as the glimmer of the lightning danced upon the horizon.

With a deep sigh, like one awakened from trance, his eyes opened, and it seemed as if life had returned to him.

"How is Breif?" he asked, as soon as speech came to him.

'Oh, getting along well. How do you feel ? "No; I know he's not well, he's dead; he told me."

"He's delirious, don't talk to him just yet the scene is all too fresh in his mind," they whispered to one another incredulously.

"I know he's dead," continued Marshall. you can't hide the truth from me. I saw him enter the room at that door, and as he stood before my bed in his shirt he beckoned to me to join him, but I said 'No, my time has not yet come, Breif; go on.' And he left the room from that door, still looking at me."

In abject wonder and surprise they looked at one another, as if to seek a solution of so strange a coincidence, but none came, for Marshall had once more fallen into a deep

Peal after peal of thunder rang out in the silent darkness and as the wind sprang up with renewed vigor, to subside again, the gentle patter of the rain drops as they fell upon the parching leaves called all nature to life again and washed away the deadly plague.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE. NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most brilliant gatherings ever seen within the prettily decorated walls of the Queen's ball-room was that of last Thursday evening, the occasion being the annual military ball which is always so eagerly looked forward to by the officers in camp and their numerous friends from all parts of the surrounding country. The attendance this year was exceptionally large, the only cloud upon the evening's enjoyment being the regret feit and expressed by so many that the programme was so short. The last dance, to which an encore was refused,

although many a little white-gloved hand joined in the general demand for its repetition, was played at the early hour of half-past twelve, and the unwelcome strains of God Save the Queen announced the close of a most delightful day. Some of those present were: Lieut. Col. Otter, Capt. Macdonald, Major Evans, Major Bertram, Msjor King, Lieut. Col. O'Donavan, Lieut. Col. Gymne, Col. Tyrwhitt, Dr. G. Warren, Dr. Strange, Col. Montizambert, Major Buchan, Lieut. Col. Wayling, Major Meade, Major Cook, Capt. Hendrie, Capt. Leith, Lieut. Waddell, Capt. S. Heward, Capt. Lee, Capt. Milloy, Capt. Dickson, Capt. Laurie, Dr. Baldwin, Capt. Pellatt, Capt. Tidswell, Lieut. Bain, Capt. Curran, Lieut. Leister, Capt. Wallace, Lieut. Friest, Lieut. Gray, Capt. D'Brian, Lieut. Ardagh, Capt. Douglas, Lieut. Vaux. Among those from Fort Niagara were: Capt. and Mrs. Williams, Capt. and Mrs. Ebstein, Lieut. Van Deman, Lieut. and Mrs. Brooke and Miss Jewett. In a party which drove down from St. Catharines under the chaperonage of Mrs. Heward Helliwell were the Misses Mack, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. King, Miss Larkin, Mr. Helliwell and Miss Fenton. Among others present I noticed: Dr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Mrs. M. Boulton, the Misses Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, Miss Wolkinson, Mrs. M. Boulton, the Misses Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, Mrs. S. and the Misses Bernard, Miss Warren, Mr. S. and the Misses Brant, Mrs. Paone, Mr. G. and the Misses Patt, Miss Fabian, Dr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Fabian, Dr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Benson, Mr. St. and the Misses Patt, Miss Benson, Mr. A. and Miss Goddes, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. Stdney Small, Capt. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Miss Griffith, Mrs. Bertram, Miss Berdard, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Bertram, Miss Berdeds, Mr. A. and Miss Goddes, Wh. Stdney Small, Capt. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Ball, Mr. A. And Miss Goddes, Whr. Stdney Small, Capt. Casimir Dickson, Mrs. Helliws Goddes, white nun'

Mr. L. Pemberton is the guest of Mr. S.

Jarvis.
Mrs. D. B. Macdougall entertained Miss.
Shanklin at Rosslyn for a few days last week.
Dr. and Mrs. Thompson have been spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson. Among those who have been visiting friends here and have returned home are the Misses Ince, Miss Roberts and Miss E. Scott.

nce, Miss Roberts and Miss E. Scott. Mr. D. Palmer and Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls

Mr. D. Palmer and Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls were in town last Friday.

The first of the promenade concerts which will be held every Saturday afternoon in the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal was given last Saturday. The music was exquisite, and those present most heartily expressed the opinion that a rare treat was in store for those who may attend the concerts during the season. The band engaged is that of the 21st Regiment stationed at Fort Niagara.

Miss Bryant is the guest of Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Gilmour is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss Beaven.

Mrs. C. Fellowes has taken a cottage at Chautauqua.

A Tough Character.

Mr. Graves (the undertaker)—Talkin' bout mean men, Deacon Slocum is just about the meanest, stinglest cuss I ever did see. Never heard anything like it.

Assistant—What did he do?

Mr. Graves—The las' time he had a death in th' family he actually was cold-blooded an' calculatin' enough ito ask what things was goin'

culatin' enough in ask what things was goin' to cost, instead of bein' respectable enough to let me charge whatever I felt like. That man ain't got un more heart than a stone.

Music Appreciated.

Miss Thumpp-Hardie—Did you ask Mrs. Nexdoor if my plano playing disturbed her baby? Servant—Yes, mum; and she said the baby liked it, and she was much obliged to you fer

playin' so much.
Mise Thumpp Hardie—Did she really?
Servant—Yes, mum. She said it saved her
th' trouble of poundin' on a tin pan.

Not Enough to Hurt

First Boarder—I wonder what makes this trawberry short-cake so heavy.
Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the ight of the strawberries on top, anyhow

A HEART LAID BARE.

Written for Saturday Night

A glow of light, shedding its soft radiance on flushed faces, the sheen of silk and flash of jewels, the air heavy with the perfume of fluwers, and throngs of bare-shouldered women, and man with vast expanses of white shirt front, floating round to the strains of an ever popular waltz, coming dreamily to them from behind a bank of huge exotics piled high in one corner of the room.

It seems to support the challenge of recognition here and there, the brown bearded traveler sees her and wonders again about those lines of pain about her mouth.

President and Prefect.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, he made a number of changes in certain official places, and once

behind a bank of huge exotics piled high in one corner of the room.

It seems to put new energy into the lounging guests, that old rythmical walts, for couples come straggling in from gool nooks and interesting tete-a-tetes and join the dancers, and a man, brown-bearded and invest-stained, who has been standing for half-an-hour in the doorway, tilly pulling at his mustache and studying the faces as they pass him, beats a tattoo gently with one foot. Does the music awaken some sweet, sad memory for him? Perhaps, because he loses himself in a reverle. He is something of a physiognomist, this man, and takes a delight in scanning the features of those with whom he comes in contact and of all the gay butterflies of fashion congregated here to-night, but one has excited his interest, that of his young hostess. What an ethereal-looking creature she was, he had thought, as he watched her, tall and slender, receiving her guests. Indeed, she had seemed to him like a being from another world (coming as he did from a land where raven-tressed women abounded) with her golden hair piled high on her shapely head, and the eyes like wet violets, with their soft shaders beneath, but thoselines of pain about the mouth puzzle him; surely those lips were made for laughter. They are scarcely perceptible to-night, for she has been all smiles and anima'ion, with every thought concentrated on the success of her fete! She has a quiet solicitude for this one, a quick repartee for that, none are overlooked. "A perfect hostess she makes," a stout matron says admiringly "her husband could not have chosen one better fitted to extend his popularity, and that is his one aim you know—a political pinnacle—a bit of a fiint. Oh, yes, my dear, but what would you!—young, fair, and the world at her feet, and a husband whose one mistress is ambition."

The man in the doorway glanced at her now, is startled at the deadly pallor that has over-

at her feet, and a husband whose one mistress is ambition."

The man in the doorway glanced at her now, is startled at the deadly pallor that has overspread her countenance: she grasps at the back of a chair for support, those hard lines of pain are there now, and there is a hunted expression in the violet eyes as she gazes vacantly at the bank of flowers from whence the music comes. Moving involuntarily towards her, he comes up to her just as a middle-aged woman, who also has been regarding her with the fond ever-watchful eye of a mother, leans over her and says. "What is it, darling? You are over-doing yourself, I know. Come away and rest for a few moments." The girl recovered herself by an effort. "Ab, no, mamma, it was only a minute and I must not desert my post;" she looks up lovingly into the face of the older woman, then flits away and presently is listening attentively to a loud-voiced corpulent man, who dearly loves to expound his views on matters great and small, and he finds her an easy victim.

Sitting there in the shadow of a pain.

who dearly loves to expound his views on matters great and small, and he finds her an easy victim.

Sitting there in the shadow of a palm, the mother still keeps her vigil, watching every movement of her one ewe lamb! Ah! she—the mother—knows well the meaning of that sudden pallor—knows that beneath the gay exterior of her child there is a soul-sickness that time does not allay. She goes back, with a heavy sigh, to the time, only a few years ago, when there had been no shadow on her darling's life. What a gladsome, sunny creature. She had been carrying light and laughter always in her train, and it must be confessed, a few of the sterner sex also. One of them, a dark young fellow, was with her incessantly, whose eyes were always devouring her, with a passionate worship in their brown depths—never jealous nor resentful of attentions lavished on her by the other men. Was not homage due to her?—his heart's queen. "She cannot care for me," he would tell himself, gloomily sometimes, "What is there about me for a girl like her to love, or indeed any girl for that matter?"—naver dreaming his very self-depreciation was dear to her, contrasting, as it did, with the complacency of the fop sone meets in society now-a-days—and yet she had promised to be his wife—what a glad light lit up his quiet dark face at the thought; some time, when he had established a practice somewhere, they were to be married. "Perhaps she has an eye to your father's thousands." A blunt friend had suggested one day, and the speaker was disconcerted by the calm contempt his suggestion was met with.

At last one evening he had come to her with the news that he was going away. He must get settled in life, he said it was despicable for a fellow to be always around on his father. "And you will be true to me, sweetheart," he had said, holding her tightly clasped, and gazing hungrily into her eyes. "Idon't want to go into heroics, you know, but it would go as fully hard with me if I were to find out you had been fooling me."

"Why of course I will," you

Then suddenly, a few months afterwards. the news had come that he was dead, stricken down remorselessly in his youth, without one word of warning. Ah! the days and nights of anguish that had followed for her—his little sweetheart. Days when she had turned her white face to the wall and refused food, or to take an interest in anything earthly; nights when she had lain with wide.open, painstricken eyes and arms outstretched in a mute appeal. Did he know now how much she cared? Dear heaven! what a hard old world it is!

They had taken her away, after a while, and bit by bit the listless manner disappeared, and something of the old high spirit returned and she laughed and danced and flitted as before, but with a swift abandon that trubled the mother. Then one of the public men of the day had proposed to her and she married him, making him an ideal wife attentive always to making him an ideal wife, attentive always to his interests, making herself a prime favorite with his colleagues by her ready wit, laying the laurels of her social success at his feet, and he—well, he is a cold hard man of the world, steeped to the lips in ambition and does not look for much more in a wife.

Some hours later the guests have all taken their departure, and the young hostess sitting in the privacy of her own room wears again that white set look. Going to a drawer in her escriboire she unlocks it and takes out a package, lovingly she fingers its contents—a bundle of letters, pieces of music, a lock of hair, and a photo of a dark young man with brown melancholy eyes. Down on her knees she goes beside it, and all the pent-up feelings of tonight find vent in a torrent of tears. "It was that old waits that brought it all back tonight, Will," she murmurs brokenly, "you gave it to me long ago, do you remember? There was that one part you liked so much; you sad it was lovable and the memory stayed with you." Then in an agony of longing, "Will, Will, come back to me, I want you, oh, I want you so," and bitter sobs shake and rend the slight young frame. The sun is high in the heavens when the mother is awakened from a light slumber, and a shivering white-gowned form steals in beside her and motherly arms draw her close, and tender words of comfort are whispered to her till presently she grows calm and falls into a dreamless sleep.

That afternoon as she drives out in her elegantly appointed carriage with smiles and

President and Prefect.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, he made a number of changes in certain official places, and once went a tour through the country which, it was said, was to be marked by a removal of a number of prefects or local governors, and their replacing by others of the president's party. He arrived at the principal city of a department the prefect of which, by reason of his politics, was marked for removal, and it happened that the president lodged in a room which was exactly opposite to that of the prefect, in the prefecture or government house.

The president had acquired in his army days the habit of rising early and brushing his own clothes, and on this occasion he got up at an extremely early hour, opened his window, and, seeing no signs of life, took his coat and waist-coat and began brushing them at the window. The prefect, it happened, had been prevented from sleeping by the prospect of losing his place, and was awake at the time, trying to discover some means of keeping the office. Hearing the slight noise which the president's toilet-making caused, he peeped out of the window and saw the head of the State hard at work with his brush.

"I have it!" said the prefect to himself.

He got his own clothes together, hunted up a brush, put up his window suddenly, and began brushing. This attracted the attention of the president, who looked over and saw him busy at work.

"Well, well! Is that you, Mr. Prefect?" he

at work.
"Well, well! Is that you, Mr. Prefect?" he

"As you see, Mr. President!" said the pre

said.

"As you see, Mr. President!" said the prefect.

"You rise early, Mr. Prefect!"

"As you see, Mr. President!"

"Ah! and you have the same trick that I have of brushing your own clothes, which is very singular. Now in my case it is an old soldier's habit, Mr. Prefect, was the reply.

One thing led to another, and in a few minutes the prefect was invited over into the president's room, and the two great men were soon chatting amiably together. The story ought to end with the president's finding out the stratagem of the willy prefect and cutting off his official head. Bu', as the Parisians tell the story, the prefect was not removed; and afterward, whenever his name was mentioned a a possible subject for a change, the president would shake his head.

"Oh, I know him?" he would say. "He is all right where he is; he's a fellow who gets up early in the morning and brushes his clothes."

A Mexican Method.

A Mexican Method.

El Pueblo Catolico of New San Salvador reproduces from a Mexican paper the following extraordinary and profane decree, intended to prevent the occurrence of droughts in the district. The tru'h of the translation can scarcely be credited.

"The Principal Alcalde of the town and Department of Castanas:

"Considering. That the Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; that in this winter, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers, and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Castanas, on which depend the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, he decrees:

the whole department, are entirely runter, he decrees:

"Art. 1.—If within the peremptory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to mass nor say prayers.

"Art. 2.—If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion will be destroyed.

"Art. 3.—If, finally, in a third period of eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, will be behaded. And for the present, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal."

Not Missed

Men come and men go; but the world takes little heed of them; when they drop out of existence they are m'ssed for a while in the family circle; lacking that, they may not be missed at all. An old man lived alone in the edge of a city, drove a handsome horse and did a good expressing business. He took his meals at a restaurant, and contentedly passed his leisure hours at his little home. He had friends, a workingman's city friends. They met in their walks, exchanged a few remarks and went on. One day the expressman and his horse were not seen as usual. "Gone on a visit," said his acquaintances. A few days more passed, and a wild neighing came from the stable in which the handsome horse was kept. A policeman entered and found the animal loose and hungry, having consumed all the food and water within reach. He knew that something was wrong, and having attended to the poor creature's needs, visited the expressman's house. The door was locked, and a pile of daily papers were lying near it. Inside, the old man leaned The door was locked, and a pile of daily papers were lying near it. Inside, the old man leaned over an evening paper, dead. He had died, presumably of heart disease. Within a block a hundred men, some great, some small, labored, ate and slept, unmindful of him. And tragedies of a similar nature are occurring every day in some city under the sun.

Nobody in Particular.

Nobody in Particular.

"If you please, sir," asked Theodore Hook, v'ewing a vain member of his college strutting about in cap and gown, "are you anybody in particular?" How many of us, when most secure in our vanity, could stand that probing question? A stilly girl who was presented to Prince Bismarck at a levee was asked how he impressed her. "As a very dull person," she promptly replied. "He ignored me altogether." The men and women who have real work in life as a rule forget themselves, and acquire that total lack of self-consciousness which is the basis of the finest manners.

The Origin of German.

Here is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German. "Do you know," asked he, of a friend, one day, "how the German language originated?"
"No," was the reply.
"Well," said the preacher, "I do. There ware two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to aputter with the mortar in his mouth. began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as G rman."

How He Secures Custom,

How He Secures Custom.

An observer of human nature, albeit he is but an humble Viennese grocer, has hit upon an original plan of securing the custom of all the servant girls in his nelighborhood. He has bought at the price of waste paper, a shoal of "penny dreadfuls," and uses the single sheets for wrapping his wares in such a way as to enable the kitchen or parlor girl gradually to acquire the complete work. Strange scenes are occasionally enacted in the grocer's shop. We will give a few instances—"Please Mr. Nash, a loaf of bread, and will you wrap it in the Son of the Accursed, number four. Ah! that's all right." "One pound of coffee, Mr. Nash, but I want you to put it in a paper bag

made out of the third sheet of the Blind Man's Curse." This being done, our tradesman turns his attention to another fair customer. "Here, Fraulein Lottchen, are two pounds of soap. Please notice the wrapper. It contains the wonderful story of the Marble Bride. You shall have the continuation the next time, so come to make a purchase," and addressing the assistant he calls out, "Frits, put down Fraulein Lottchen for Marble Bride sheet number two." That grocer is doing a roaring trade.

A Mean Trick.

A Mean Trick.

A good-lobking, well-to-do, and popular young bachelor, of an interior town, says the Washington Herald, was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "Ill marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vo'e, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up, and the girls are all mor'al enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.

Hard on the Vienna Chief.

Hard on the Vienna Chief.

M. de Sartines, at one time chief of the police of Paris, was a master of his profession. Tae chief of the Vienna police once wrote to him, describing a criminal who had fied from Vienna and taken refuge in Paris, and requesting Sartines to discover and seize the fugitive. Sartines gave his orders for a search for the man. Two months passed. Then he wrote the Vienna officer: "I have sought the criminal you described on all sides, and for a long time in vain. But at last the efforts of my agents are rewarded. We have found the man. He is in Vienna, which city he has not left at all. You will find him at Strasse X.—, No. 56. There is a flower-pot in his window."

A Special Make.

New Amanuenss—I can't understand how it is, sir; I thought I had written this letter correctly; but I find it is full of mis-spelled words. Great Author—Ah! I see; you used the wrong typewriter. That one is for dialect stories only.

At His Mercy.

Life Insurance President—You'll never get your money from that old patient of yours. He's a hard case. Dictor—I'll get it, never fear. He's insured in your company.

A Good Idea.

Aunt Kate—And when he died—I loved him so—I had him stuffed, and I keep him here where I can see him whenever I wish.

Little Robert ()n a visit to a much-beloved aunt)—Auntie, when you die, I'm going to get papa to have you stuffed too.

An Acquaintance to be Cultivated

Bates—I don't see why you always invite that neighbor of yours on these trips—he doesn't fish, and he's fearfully dull company. Hooker—Yes; but, my boy, those cigars he smokes are simply immense for keeping the mosquitos away!

Convincing Proof.

Brer. Johnsing—Habn't yo' nebber heered dat some ob de 'Postles war brack? E'der Snowball—I reckon some ob 'em war; else I can't see w'y Sain' Peter sh'd 'a' b'en so 'sturbed by dat rooster's crowin'.

Mistaken Identity.

"Who is that old rounder, Jake? I see him in every dive I enter."

"Hush, man! He's not an old rounder.
That is Doctor Cavilhearst, the eminent divine.
He is after a sermon."

Her Accomplishment.

Young Perkins—You have charming daughters, Mr. de Peyster. Waat a delightful voice Miss Clara has, and how divinely Miss Eugenia plays the piano! Has Miss Carolyn any accomplishment?

De Peyster-Certainly; she's a summer girl

The Revised Version.

"I like Mr. Dilley well enough," said Miss Bleecker of New York, "but he talks through his hat."
"Yes," assented Miss Enerson of Boston, "he is somewhat addicted to the practice of conversing through his chapeau."

Like Modern Travelers

School Teacher-What do you suppose was the first thing that Columbus did on reaching America?

Bobby—He gave a reporter his impressions of the country.

A Case of Extended Sympathy

erby. The poor fellow has had the delirium Mrs. Bingo—Now I understand what his wife meant when she spoke of his illness this morn-ing. She said she could sympathize with me.

He Has a Cinch

"I want my fire insurance at one-tenth the regular rate," said an applicant for a policy, "Why is that?" asked the secretary of the

insurance company.
"I'm a professional rain-compeller."

Wanted to Die Rich.

Wanted to Die Rich.

Our forces were arranged before Vicksburg and we were waiting for the turn of affairs which was imminent, when we sent old Uncle Mose Larkins, our cook, out to forage for provisions. As all is fair in love and war, we did not question his right to some fat chickens, but when a lady came into camp the next day and accused our cook of stealing her silver, that was another affair. We called Uncle Mose, and began to question him.

"Tore' God, gemm'n, I ain't seen no sich things," he affirmed.

We knew he was lying, and told him we would string him up if he did not return the silver, but as this had no effect on him we procured a rope, put it around the old rascal's neck and told him if he had anything to say, to say it at once, as he had only five minutes to live.

"I done kno' ennything of dat woman's silver spoons," he reiterated solemly, "an' I ain't got nuffia' to 'fess, but," with a twinkle in his eyes, "when you gets home and ses Aunt Sarry, my po' old gal, yo' tell her dat yo' gone done hang old Uncle Mose suah enuff, but dat he died rich; yo' heah, chillun, he die rich."

This being equal to a confession, the old man was let off, but we all thought he would have preferred to die rather than restore the spoons he was compelled to give up.

A Hard Hitter.

In a recent volume of memoirs, it is told that on the first council day, after Lord D:rby's elevation to the premiership, Greville showed his disapproval by not appearing in his place as clerk. Some busybody asked Lord Derby whether he had noticed Greville's absence, and Lord D:rby replied, with a face of benevolent apology: "No, really? You know, I am the



SURPRISE SOAP

Twenty-five cents buys four cakes of "SURPRISE SOAP" from any grocer.

Four great big washings, or eight ordinary washings can be done with these four cakes, and the washing up and scrubbing as well.

The wash comes out white and sweet, while the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" makes the work easy. It's the best too for all household purposes.

Insist on Surprise for every use. It's most economical.

DON'T FORGET THE

Tent, Hammocks Fishing Tackle Arms and Ammunition THEY ARE ALL TOGETHER AT

H. P. DAVIES & CO., 81 Yonge St., Toronto

most inattentive fellow in the world about these things. I never notice, when I ring the bell, whether John or Thomas answers it." It was a rather Rabelaislan retort which he made to a certain lady who rallied him upon the composition of his first ministry. Lady — asked, in regard to a respectable and hard-working politician, who was afterward transferred from the head of the baronets to the tall of the peers: "Is So-and-So a real man?" "I don't know," said Lord Derby; "at any rate, he has had three wives."

The Borrower Overtaken.

"If you please, Mrs. Covenhoven," said a child, presenting herself before a back-door neighbor, "mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to lend her that bowlful of sugar that you borrowed and forgot to return the other day."

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22 good to return up to Saptember 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

A Slight Mistake.



"This is the biggest fool gridiron I've ever struck. I jus dropped de chop on it an de whole bottom burnt out."

Christian Endeavor Special Train to New York, via Erie Railway.

York, via Erie Railway.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, president of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union, announces that a special vestibule train will leave Suspension Bridge on July 6 at 8 p.m., arriving in New York next morning at 8 o'clock. All Endeavorers should see that they reach Suspension Bridge in time for their train. A single fare has been arranged from all points to New York and back, and those desiring Pullman accommodation should secure them at once and avoid the rush at the last moment. For full particulars apply to Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington Street East, C. P. A. Erie Railway, Toronto.

Rushing His Work.

Rushing His Work.

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvanis an old circuit preacher known as Father West. On one occasion, upon his arrival at a certain town, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, with the promptness for which he was noted: "Stand up all of ye, and jine hands!" This request having been compiled with, he went rapidly through a marriage service. "There," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every 'ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every

LALLYIII LACROSSESTICKS

Athletic Requisites of All Kinds Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 King St. West, Toronto

one o' ye!" Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them, and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself, and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands. "I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort yourselves."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c; cloth, gilt, \$1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Fortune in the Cup

Who that is young and visionary or old and hopeful has not a secret weakness for fortune telling? Many a woman long past youth's golden days still looks in her teacup for her fate. And the teacup is an oracle, say the wiseacres. Do you wish to know how many years will elapse before you will marry? Balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon partly with tea, and, holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one means a long twelvemonth! Should a teastalk fill at in your cup, it means a sweetheart, and you must stir your tea rapidly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup. If the "sweetheat" is attracted by the spoon and clings to it, you will shortly meet him; but if the teastalk goes to the side of the cup, you have lost him.



WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE three months one of the Family Journals published

THREE FACES

For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster.

Mention Saturday Night and address—
STOTT a JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co (Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL ENGINE

OF THE HIGHEST O JALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Proc

LUMP SUGAR "CROWN" Granulated **EXTRA GRANULATED CREAM SUGARS**

SYRUPS des in Barrels and half Barrela

YELLOW SUGARS

SOLE MAKERS



A Benedict's Friend.

A few days after the Grand Prix, as every body was getting ready to go into the country, or pretending to do so, Henri de Saint Armel met his old friend Captain Boucoiran at the gate of the Bois. The two horsemen fell in together and began to chat.

"That's a pretty mare you're riding," said Saint Armel.

"She is that and as centle as a kitten. I

Saint Armel.

"She is that, and as gentle as a kitten. I have been training her for the past three months. She obeys me like a trick-pony, and follows me like a dog. Don't you, Betsy?"

The mare pricked up her ears and whinnied gently, as if she agreed perfectly with her master's statement.

"She would make an excellent saddle-horse for a lady," remarked Saint Armel.

"Perfect; it is a pity she was ever ridden by a man. But perhaps you have some fair rider in your mind's eye with whom you could place her?"

her?"
"Perhaps I have, if you do not want too
much for her. I have promised a certain
young woman—you know her, perhaps, Lucie
Bataille?"

young woman—you know her, pernaps, Lucie Bataille?"

"By name only. She sings somewhere—does she not?—at the Renaiseance or the Bouffes? But I do not care for music, as you know, and I never set foot in a theater for fear I should come in on a lot of caterwauling. And so Mile. Lucie Bataille has inspired a certain interest in you?"

"Well, yes. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I hope you do not imagine that my course of lectures at the military academy leaves me much time to look after other men's little affairs? But you have promised this girl a horse, eh? Well, you are in for a rather serious present."

present."
"It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, "It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, which you will presently learn, compel me to break with her. Poor Lucie! She's a charming woman. Not very pretty, but distinguished, possessed of good manners, and not a caterwauler, as you put it. I must present you to her. If that little woman had any luck, she would be at the Opera, and I assure you that the glasses in the orchestra seldom center on a prettier page than she makes. If you could see her in burlesque! But, to come back to business, how much do you want for your mare?"

n

The bargain was made, and the two friends

The bargain was made, and the two friends separated, promising to meet the next winter. Two months later the Count de Saint Armel married a charming American, as pretty as she was rich—which explained the "circumstances" that had led to the acquisition of Betsy as a farewell gift to Lucie Bataille.

Autumn passed, and the winter came. Boucoiran had resumed his lectures and bought him another horse. Every morning regularly he took his turn in the Bois. A fortnight ago, as he was passing near the circular shelter of Ermenonville, what should the captain see but Betsy, his old mare, a side-saddle on her back, being held by an ancient servitor, got up in the most correct style and himself mounted on a splendid horse? Evidently Betsy, the side-saddle, and the ancient servitor were waiting for some fair amazon. But it was not solely through curlosity to see the woman that Boucoiran stopped. What he wished to determine was whether the mare still knew him. He dismounted, drew from his pocket a bit of sugar, and approached the animal, which had already scented him. Poor Betsy, did she still remember her old master? He had only to look at her, to see her prick up her ears, nod her head, and whinny plaintively, almost tenderly.

Boucoiran, delighted, caressed the animal, and made her give him her foot, to the great edification of the servant.

"The mare is looking well," Boucoiran said.

"Oh, yes, captain," replied the groom. "We take good care of her. But she don't seem to have forgotten her old master."

"Why, how do you recognize me?" demanded Boucoiran, surprised at being addressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's

dressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's once, it's twenty times I've heard the count speak of his friend, the captain, and say how well he had trained Betsy."

"Well, "thought Boucoiran, "Lucle Bataille has a very stylish man to look after her horse. I must try to meet this little siren."

He had scarcely formed the project in his mind, when a coupe drove up from the Dauphin Gate. In it were two women; one of respectable age and excellent appearance; the other, very pretty and in riding habit. The latter got out, after kissing her companion, and said to her:

"By. bye, mamma. I shall be here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly "thought Boucoiran, "she does."

"By bye, mamma. I shall be here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly," thought Boucoiran, "she does things in the most proper style. Mare, groom and coupe, all are irreproachable—and the mother more than sil. By Jove! to allow herself the luxury of a mother like that, she must find comic opers very remunerative."

He lifted his hat to Lucle Bataille, who seemed surprised at first to find Betsy coquetting with a stranger. But, after a few words in English from the groom, she returned the captain's bow cordially, and said to him, with a smille:

with a smile:
"I ought to be jealous of the interest Betsy

"I ought to be jealous of the interest Betsy takes in you. But I prefer to thank you for having trained her so admirably. And, thanks to her, we are already on friendly terms."

She turned toward the old lady, who was watching this scene through the carriage window.

"Mother," she said, "let me present you to Captain Boucoiran—the friend of whom M. de Saint Armel speaks so often."

Boucoiran could not repress a feeling of surprise at hearing Lucie Bataille speak thus in genuously of Saint Armel. Perhaps the marriage had fallen through, and affairs had remained in statu quod erat, with Betsy thrown in.

thrown in.

The young woman proved charmingly amisble, and had a delicious figure, as her well cutriding habit made manifest. They chatted for five minutes about Betsy, her points, her habits and her feed. Boucoiran gave much advice, and finally asked permission to help the pretty horsewoman to her saddle, which was granted. He had not dared to let the conversation touch upon Saint Armel; but, as he was leaving her, Lucie Bataille said, point-blank:

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend." thrown in.

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend."

Boucoiran turned all colors. This was incomprehensible. The idea of trying to defer anything to the finer feelings of such a woman! Speaking as if by chance and at the risk of seeming behind the times, he replied:
"Well—er—certain events—er—change things. Since poor Henri married—for he is married, if I am not mistaken."
"Pshaw!" interrupted the young woman, laughing as if at an excellent jest; "I assure you he hasn't changed so much as that. But you shall judge for yourself—come and lunch with us presently, sams ceremonie."
"Lunch!" stammered the dumbfounded officer; "why—where?"

"Lunch!" stammered the dumbfounded officer; "why—where!"

"45 Rue Murillo," cried Lucie Bataille, as she set off at a gallop, prettily saluting him with her crop. And the groom followed after her a little distance.

The coupe rattling off in the other directior, Boucoiran was left alone, filled with wonder and misgivings. So Saint Armel continued to see Lucie Bataille. To see her!—why, he lunched at her house. True, this little divages are used for was pretty enough to lure a man from the narrow path. But why the deuce had Henri married! To get his hand into some old oil king's confers, probably, and heaven knows where the girl's dof was going—though it needed no ominicale not make a close guess. Well, a soldier need not be a saint, and Hounoiran's lectures at the military academy were not on morals. A pretty woman had invited him to lunch, and he would go.

At the stroke of noon, Baucoiran dismounted before the door of a coxy little house in the lattle house in the captain had not neard these details.

Worth of Notice.

If you wish to restore to your checks that charming rose tint which they have lost and gublies in action and thoughts are sentite sympathy, caution and perseverance, are carful of details and gublies in action and thoughts are stoned to was ling in fort and rasher pertinacious in getting your own way; have good perception, sahiers sentitive sympathy, caution and gublies in action and thoughts are lost in got in fort and rasher pertinacious in getting for the way of an action and thoughts are lattle distance.

If you wish to restore to your checks that charming rose tint which they have lost and gublies and gublies and gublies in drug strong on an action and thoughts are such as a double strong to the which they have lost and gublies in drug strong to the which they have lost and gublies in drug strong to the which they have lost and gublies and

Getting Acclimated.



Blumenthal (who has blossomed out with a steam-yacht and is taking his first trip up the sound)—"Look languid, Leah. Don'd gif it avay dot ve vos new."—Judge.

Rue Murillo. Lucie had come in, for in the court Betsy's toilet was being made.

The entrance hall and the first salon were in admirable taste. In a more intimate room, Lucie, in a very simple gown of white laine, received her guest.

"Henri is keeping us waiting," she said; "you shall see how astonished he will be when he sees you. Do you know, Captain Boucciran, that I am quite angry with you for not having presented yourself earlier!"

"I am very busy with my professional work, and I scarcely ever go out in what is called the real society—though it is not the most amusing—and I detest music. You will hardly be lieve me when I tell you I have never heard you sing."

lieve me when I ten you'l have a very you sing."

"You have not missed much, then. I have a very poor voice and only sing when I have to."

"But you sing every evening, if I am not mistaken."

"I! It is more than a fortnight since I have aung a note."

"If It is more than a forther and a sung a note."

"So much the worse for the ears of Paris. If I were in Henri's place, I would send you on in your art; for our friend"—with a fine smile—"seems to me to have retained some influence over you. "If you only knew how unsympathetic he is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging

is! On the contrary, he is always discounting me."

"Then it is through jealousy. But when he spoke to me of you—it was the very day I sold Betsy to him—he said he would like to see you at the Opera."

"You must be joking. And what more did he say?—it interests me extremely to hear these confidences."

"Will you pardon me if I go into details?"

"Oh, pray go on, captain. It seems we are old friends."

"Un, pray go on, old friends."
"Well, Henri said to me: 'She is simply perfect in a page's part. With a figure like

perfect in a page's part. With a figure like hers—""

"What! he spoke to you of my—"

"And to think that I have never had the curiosity to judge for myself! I am quite laid away on the shelf, am I not? But, really, I am so busy. Besides, I do not share Henri's tastes. We are quite dissimilar. Between ourselves, I am always asking myself what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucie Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, but did not deem it best to make any lesponse.

ourselves, I am always asking myself what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucle Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, but did not deem it best to make any is sponse.

"When he announced," continued Boucoiran, "or, rather, let me infer the impending catastrophe, I thought to myself: 'My boy, if your fair American is not absolutely faultless, you will have given her many a gray day inside of six months.' You must confess I knew Saint Armel pretty well. And, besides, I had not seen you then. Now I can understand why he was not long in coming back to you."

The young woman's face wore so singular an expression that Boucoiran stopped there.

"I see," he said, "that you do not altogether approve of my freedom of speech, and I must confess I think your reserve in excellent taste. But I hear our friend coming."

A moment later the two friends were shaking each other cordially by the hand. The story of the morning's meeting was told, and there was much talk about the wonderful Betsy. Boucoiran apologized for having let himself be invited so cavalierly.

"It was a case that called for cavalier treatment," responded Henri, "for you had been presented by Betsy," and they sat down to luncheon in the best of humor.

"Come, old man," said the count, "you must confess that marriage has not changed me."

"I should say 'not enough,' but that I am not here to preach you a sermon. And at sight of the deity that presides here, one must excuse everything. And to think, you wretch, that you spoke to me of her as a woman of ordinary beauly! But, what is this I hear, the nightingale is dumb! True, It is winter, but that is the very season when the nightingales of the stage show their most gorgeous plumage and trill their most brilliant roulades."

Never did flowery speech so miss its mark. Henri and the young woman glanced at each other with a sort of anxiety.

"Have I been putting my foot in it?" enquired Boucoiran, springing from his chair. "Your husband!"

But Boucoiran had dropped his napkin, and, before anyone could pr

A Railway to the Stars

A Railway to the Stars

In a recent lecture On Fixed Stars Dr. David Gill wanted to give an illustration of the distance to Centauri. This is what he said:

"We are a commercial people; we like to make our estimates in punds sterling. We shall suppose that some wealthy directors have failed in getting Parliamentary sanction to cut a sub-Atlantic tunnel to America, and so, for want of some other outlet for their energy and capital, they construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect, for the present, the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. "We shall go farther, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way. I herefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fares exceedingly moderate—viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles.
"Desiring to take advantage of these facili-

moderate—viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles.

"Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, an American gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the National Debt of England and a few other countries, and, presenting himself at the booking office, demands a first-class single to Centauri. For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the National Debt of England, which just covers the cost of his ticket; but I should explain that at this time the National Debt from little wars, coupled with some unremunerative Government investments in landed property, had been run up from £700,000,000 to £1,100,000,000 sterling. Having taken his seat, it occurred to him to ask, 'At what rate do you travel?'

"Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"Then when shall we reach Centauri?"

"In 48 663,000 years, sir."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Not Much of a lump.

"This is the biggest jump on record—a Providence man has jumped the State."
"Oh, pshaw! that's only Rhode Island!
Now, if it had been Texas—"

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: I. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be an swered in their order, unless under unusual circum Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Pienes

antions, seraps or possat cares are not sending. A. Pisase address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

Manourante Halms,—This is a refined, rather gentle and careful lady, prudent in speech, effection to the few, rather reserved to the world in general, with high sense of duty and habits both methodical and precise, should be warmly liked by those who know her best.

warmly liked by those who know her best.

Magest MURPHY.—This writing shows energy, love (ffun and rather an original method, perseverance, hope and some ambition, with discretion and attention to details, are shown. The writer is of strong and independent will and opinions, and rather lacks diplomacy and grace of expression.

E. A. L. CLARKE.—Claver thought, vivacity of purpose, rather a lack of sympathy and fact as well as want of quick perception, some imagination, and an honest and large heart are shown. The writer can keep his own counsel well, and though not particularly careful has a good head for business.

Sister N.R.A.—1.—You are careless and constant, sincere, adaptable, rather food of fun, not slow by may means, rather discrete, and yet a spt to put your food in its through lack of tact and perception, and your nature is practical rather than shooretical and I don't see just where your three uncomplimentary words come in.

Mrs. A. (Savann:) — 1. You are generous, good-bampered rather independent in thought and impulsive in feeling somewhat ambitious, with a good share of fast and sympathy. You are rather bright and witty, fond of social intercourse, and on the whole a pretty rice sort of wumar. Sorry act to be able to answer you sooner.

Arms Sand.—You sak me do I think you could manage children No, miss, the carelessness and stratic will which makes you leave cut letters and turn the ones you put in at all sagles would be bad stuff for a governess to avoive from. I hope your very crude writing is the first of a too youthful and not a very badly trained and ill-disciplined mind. It is not really worth the time taken by a delineation.

RRMA DUDLAY.—I. I cannot recommend any hair dyer, but for reliable hair merchants who can supply you, refer to our advertising columns. 2. Your writing shows romantic fancy, rather large self-esteem, good energy and adaptability, rather too much desire for riflets, but also love of perfortion, a bandency to despond, which may proceed from it-health and a lack of self-control and repose which should be corrected.

be corrected.

EULL EYR.—1. What a funny youngster you are, with your unstudied lessons and your serious question! It isn't quite three years, my dear, since your letter came, but it is about four months, that's an awful time to wait for an answer, is not! The horzible amount of lessons you have has at any rate made you a good speller, which is a source of comfort to yours truly. 3 It is out of order for a member to speak at that time.

r to speak at that time.

For — 1. Tour num de plume looks some hing like that, your leiber is dated. Feb uary 12. I am sorry, as you my you have no patience, that it was so long in being reached. 2. You are serrest, rather clever with your tongue, and doubtless in action and thought as well as in speech; saving in 60rd and rather pertinactous in gesting your own way; have good perception, sather sensitive sympathy, caution and persaverance, are carful of dealis and every tematic in method, an able hand. 3. The origin of the pestly colored bothism in drug circe windows was in the best that druggists used to catholist their unsattractive potions ready mixed in their windows as an advertisement, and when that fashion was discountenanced they substituted colored water butter.

Russian Justice.

In many countries, when lawyers are invoked to argue in troubles about property, the men of law come in for a good share of the property in dispute. In Russia affairs of this kind are sometimes more advaitly managed. property in dispute. In Russia affairs of this kind are semetimes more adroitly managed, without the aid of the lawyers, but to the mortification of all the litigants. The following is a case in point. A farmer brought a cowskin to market, which a shoemaker bought for two and a half roubles. Having, however, no money with him, the latter went home to procure it. In the meantime another buyer appeared and bid three roubles for the skin. The farmer, after waiting a while in vain for the stoemaker's return, gave the skin to the second buyer. Unluckily at this moment the original buy er returned and demanded his purchase. A quarrel ensued, which ended in the matter being brought before a justice. The latter listened to the evidence, and then addressing the shoemaker said:

"You bought the skin first?"

"Yes,"

"Yes,"
"For how much?"
"Two and a half roubles,"
"Have you the money?"

"Yes."
"Put it on the table."
Turning to the second buyer the justice in Did you buy the skin afterward?"

"And paid for it?"

'How much did you pay?"
'Three roubles."
'You have the skin?"
'Yes."

"Yes."
"Put it under the table."
The man threw his purchase under the table, and made room for the farmer, whom the justice next addressed.
"You agreed to sell for two and a half roubles, and the buyer, not returning promptly with the money, I understand you sold to another for three roubles?"
Yes.—exactly."

"Yes—exactly."
"Have you the three roubles?"

"Yes."
"Put them on the table."

This was done, and then the judge delivered his decision.

"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining

"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining without money, thereby endangering the peace of the town. The second ouyer is to blame for outbidding another, and the seller for dealing or attempting to deal with people without money. Now all three of you get out! Quick march!" And the disputants were turned out, leaving the money and skin as the perquisite of justice.

Solid Trains to Omaha.

Vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining, sleeping and reclining chair car service in the world, via "Chicago & Omaha Short Line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Double daily train service, with no transfer at Council Bluffs as heretofore. Apply to nearest coupon ticket agent for tickets and further information, or address A. J. Taylor, Can. Pass. Agen', 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Afraid He Wouldn't Pass

He was a man well along in middle age and was willing to be insured. The agent has pre-pared his "application," and turned him over to the searching scrutiny of the accomplished

nedical examiner.
"I might as well tell you, doctor, to begin with, that ours has been a family of fatalities and sudden deaths," said the applicant.
The examiner looked serious as he replied:
"Why, you seem to be in excellent physical condition. What did your father die of?"
"Heart disease."

"The examiner looked serious as ne repneu:
"Why, you seem to be in excellent physical
condition. What did your father die of?"
"Heart disease,"
"That's bad. How old was he?"
"Ninety-two."
"Um! And your mother!"
"She's gone, too. Killed at a crossing."
"And her age?"
"Mother was a little over seventy."
"Do you know the age and cause of your grandfathers' deaths?" continued the examiner.
"Yes, indeed. Father's father died just a week after his ninetieth birthday. They said he used too much tobacco. Mother's father was only eighly-eight. Falling down stairs finished him."
"And your grandmothers?"
"One of 'em had consumption at eighty-six, and died of it in no time. The other was nipped with sunstroke at eighty-four. Oh, they all went quick."
The examiner did not seem so grave as he asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"One sister and two brothers," was the answer. "John went out into the mining country when he was seventy-two, got into trouble there, called a dranken man a llar, and was shot. Henry was drowned at sixty-nine trying to help save two young fellows that couldn't swim. Sister's alive. She's awfully careless; ate a lot of green stuff the day of her golden wedding, then danced in the evening with all the old fellows out on the lawn, even after it was: raining; took her two days to get over it. She'll go in a hurry like all the rest some of these times."
"Well," said the medical gentleman, smiling,
"I think I'll chance you, and don't believe your application will be 'turned down' at the home office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you

office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you are 80 years old."—Chicago Post.

Does It Interest You to Know

Where you can obtain the best accordment of Artists and Decorative Materials at the lowest prices? If so, it is at

The Art Metropole

131 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 3, 5 and 7 Toronto Arcads WHOLESALE AND RETAIL



J. & J. LUGSDIN THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers 101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

FUNERAL GOODS ZX





Si :k Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea. Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Caeten's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they most account of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure is while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small, and very says to take One or ways.

we make our great business while others do not.

Cabrer's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CAETER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION." ADAMS' PEPSIN SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

Dunn's mustara

ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says:
"I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. " I suffered intensely with rheums Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain." NEURALCIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

LITTLE GYPSY ON EXHIBITION You are invited to call at MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S, 145 1.2 YONGE ST., TORONTO, and judge for yourself of the wonderful merits of her celebrated FACE BLEACH by interviewing 'Little Gypsy," who has had the tan and freckles removed trom only one side of her face, in

order to show you exactly what Face Bleach will do.

Ladies out of town will do well to send stamp for booklet. Treatments for every detect of Hair, Face or Figure. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS WITHOUT LEAVING SCAR 145 1-2 YONGE STREET



A HEART LAID BARE.

Written for Saturday Night

A glow of light, shedding its soft radiance on flushed faces, the sheen of silk and flash of jewels, the air heavy with the perfume of fluwers, and throngs of bare-shouldered women, and mn with vast expanses of white shirt front, floating round to the strains of an ever popular walts, coming dreamily to them from behind a bank of huge exotics piled high in one corner of the room.

It seems to run the analysis into the loung.

behind a bank of huge exotics piled high in one corner of the room.

It seems to put new energy into the lounging guests, that old rythmical waitz, for couples come straggling in from cool nooks and interesting tele-a-teles and join the dancers, and a man, brown-bearded and travel-stained, who has been standing for half-an-hour in the doorway, idly pulling at his mustache and studying the faces as they pass him, beats a tattoo gently with one foot. Does the music awaken some sweet, sad memory for him? Perhaps, because he loses himself in a reverie. He is something of a physiognomist, this man, and takes a delight in scanning the features of those with whom he comes in contact and of all the gay butterflies of fashion congregated here to-night, but one has excited his interest, that of his young hostess. What an ethereallooking creature she was, he had thought, as he watched her, tall and slender, receiving her guests. Indeed, she had seemed to him like a being from another world (coming as he did, from a land where raven-tressed women abounded) with her golden hair piled high on her shapely head, and the eyes like wet violets, with their soft shaders beneath, but those lines of pain about the mouth puzzle him; surely those line were made for laughter. They are scarcely with their soft shaders beneath, but those lines of pain about the mouth puzzle him; surely those lips were made for laughter. They are scarcely perceptible to night, for she has been all smiles and anima*ion, with every thought concentrated on the success of her fete! She has a quiet solicitude for this one, a quiek repartee for that, none are overlooked. "A perfect hostess she makes," a stout matron says admiringly "her husband could not have chosen one better fitted to extend his popularity, and that is his one aim you know—a political pinnacle—a bit of a fint. Oh, yes, my dear, but what would you?—young, fair, and the world at her feet, and a husband whose one mistress is ambition."

at her feet, and a husband whose one mistress is ambition."

The man in the doorway glanced at her now, is startled at the deadly pallor that has overspread her cuntenance: she grasps at the back of a chair for support, those hard lines of pain are there now, and there is a hunted expression in the violet eyes as she gases vacantly at the bank of flowers from whence the music comes. Moving involuntarily towards her, he comes up to her just as a middle-aged woman, who also has been regarding her with the fond ever-watchful eye of a mother, leans over her and says. "What is it, darling? You are overdoing yourself, I know. Come away and rest for a few moments." The girl recovered herself by an effort. "Ah, no, mamma, it was only a minute and I must not desert my post;" she looks up lovingly into the face of the older wo man, then flits away and presently is listening attentively to a loud-voiced corpulent man, who dearly loves to expound his views on matters great and small, and he finds her an easy victim.

Sitting there in the shadow of a palm.

who dearly loves to expound his views on masters read and small, and he finds her an easy victim.

Sitting there in the shadow of a palm, the mother still keeps her vigil, watching every movement of her one ewe lamb! Ah! she—the mother—knows well the meaning of that sudden pallor—knows that beneath the gay exterior of her child there is a soul-sickness that time does not allay. She goes back, with a heavy sigh, to the time, only a few years ago, when there had been no shadow on her darling's life. What a gladsome, sunny creature. She had been carrying light and laughter always in her train, and it must be confessed, a few of the sterner sex also. One of them, a dark young fellow, was with her incessantly, whose eyes were always devouring her, with a passionate worship in their brown depths—never jealous nor resentful of attentions lavished on her by the other men. Was not homage due to her!—his heart's queen. "She cannot care for me," he would tell himself, gloomily sometimes, "What is there about me for a girl like her to love, or indeed any girl for that matter?"—never dreaming his very self-depreciation was dear to her, contrasting, as it did, with the complacency of the fop sone meets in society now-a-days—and yet she had promised to be his wife—what a glad light lit up his quiet dark face at the thought; some time, when he had established a practice somewhere, they were to be married. "Perhaps she has an eye to your father's thousands." A blunt friend had suggested one day, and the speaker was disconcerted by the calm contempt his suggestion was met with.

At last one evening he had come to her with the news that he was going away. He must

disconcerted by the calm contempt his suggestion was met with.

At last one evening he had come to her with the news that he was going away. He must get settled in life, he said it was despicable for a fellow to be always around on his father. "And you will be true to me, sweetheart," he had said, holding her tightly clasped, and gazing hungrily into her eys. "Idon't want to go into heroics, you know, but it would go awfully hard with me if I were to find out you had been fooling me."

"Why of course I will," you foolish boy. Why," and the riante face is sober for once, "I would die without your love Will," and he had gone away reassured.

Then suddenly, a few months afterwards,

Then suddenly, a few months afterwards, then suddenly, a few months afterwards, the news had come that he was dead, stricken down remorselessly in his youth, without one word of warning. Ah! the days and nights of anguish that had followed for her—his little sweetheart. Days when she had turned her white face to the wall and refused food, or to take an interest in anything earthly; nights when she had lain with wide.open, painstricken eyes and arms outstretched in a mute appeal. Did he know now how much she cared? Dear heaven! what a hard old world it is!

They had taken her away, after a while, and bit by bit the listless manner disappeared, and something of the old high spirit returned and she laughed and danced and flirted as before, she laughed and danced and flirted as before, but with a swift abandon that trubled the mother. Then one of the public men of the day had proposed to her and she married him, making him an ideal wife, attentive always to his interests, making herself a prime favorite with his colleagues by her ready wit, laying the laurels of her social success at his feet, and he—well, he is a cold hard man of the world, steeped to the lips in ambition and does not look for much more in a wife.

Some hours later the guests have all taken their departure, and the young hostess sitting in the privacy of her own room wears again that white set look. Going to a drawer in her escritoire she unlocks it and takes out a package, lovingly she fingers its contents—a bundle of letters, pieces of music, a lock of hair, and a photo of a dark young man with brown melancholy syss. Down on her knees she goes beside it and all the pent-up feelings of tonight find vent in a torrent of tears. "It was that old walts that brought it all back tonight, Will," she murmurs brokenly, "you gave it to me long ago, do you remember? There was that one part you liked so much; you said it was lovable and the memory stayed with you." Then in an agony of longing, "Will, Will, come back to me, I want you, oh, I want you so," and bitter sobs shake and rend the slight young frame. The sun is high in the Will, come back to me, I want you, oh, I want you so," and bitter sobs shake and rend the slight young frame. The sun is high in the heaven when the mother is awakened from a light slumber, and a shivering white gowned form steals in beside her and motherly arms draw her close, and tender words of comfort are whispered to her till presently she grows calm and falls into a dreamless sleep.

That afternoon as she drives out in her legantly appointed carriage with smiles and

President and Prefect.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, he made a number of changes in certain official places, and once went a tour through the country which, it was said, was to be marked by a removal of a number of prefects or local governors, and their replacing by others of the president's party. He arrived at the principal city of a department the prefect of which, by reason of his politics, was marked for removal, and it happened that the president lodged in a room which was exactly opposite to that of the prefect, in the prefecture or government house.

Toe president had acquired in his army days the habit of rising early and brushing his own clothes, and on this occasion he got up at an extremely early hour, opened his window, and, seeing no signs of life, took his coat and waist-coat and began brushing them at the window. The prefect, it happened, had been prevented from sleeping by the prospect of loving his place, and was awake at the time, trying to discover some means of keeping the office. Hearing the slight noise which the president's toilet-making caused, he peeped out of the window and saw the head of the State hard at work with his brush.

"I have it!" said the prefect to himself.

He got his own clothes together, hunted up a brush, put up his window suddenly, and began brushing. This attracted the attention of the president, who looked over and saw him busy at work.

"Well, well! Is that you, Mr. Prefect?" he

at work.
"Well, well! Is that you, Mr. Prefect?" he

said.
"As you see, Mr. President!" said the pre

said.

"As you see, Mr. President!" said the prefect.

"You rise early, Mr. Prefect!"

"Ah! and you have the same trick that I have of brushing your own clothes, which is very singular. Now in my case it is an old soldier's habit, Mr. Prefect," was the reply.

One thing led to another, and in a few minutes the president's room, and the two great men were soon chatting amiably together. The story ought to end with the president's finding out the stratagem of the wily prefect and cutting off his official head. Bu', as the Parisians tell the story, the prefect was not removed; and afterward, whenever his name was mentioned as a possible subject for a change, the president would shake his head.

"Oh, I know him?" he would say. "He is all right where he is; he's a fellow who gets up early in the morning and brushes his clothes."

A Mexican Method.

A Mexican Method.

El Pueblo Catolico of New San Salvador reproduces from a Mexican paper the following extraordinary and profane decree, intended to prevent the occurrence of droughts in the district. The tru'h of the translation can scarcely be credited.

"The Principal Alcalde of the town and Department of Castanas:

"Considering, That the Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; that in this winter, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers, and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Castanas, on which depend the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, he decrees:

"Art. 1.—If within the peremptory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to "Art, 2.—If the drought continues eight days

"Art. 2—If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion will be destroyed.

"Art. 3—If, finally, in a third period of eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, will be beheaded. And for the present, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal."

Men come and men go; but the world takes little heed of them; when they drop out of existence they are m'ssed for a while in the family circle; lacking that, they may not be missed at all. An old man lived alone in the edge of a city, drove a handsome horse and did a good expressing business. He took his meals at a restaurant, and contentedly passed his leisure hours at his little home. He had friends, a workingman's city friends. They met in their walks, exchanged a few remarks and went on. One day the expressman and his horse were not seen as usual. "Gone on a visit," said his acquaintances. A few days more passed, and a wild neighing came from the stable in which the handsome horse was kept. A policeman entered and found the animal loose and hungry, having consumed all the food and water within reach. He knew that something was wrong, and having attended to the poor creature's needs, visited the expressman's house. The door was locked, and a pile of daily papers were lying near it. Inside, the old man leaned over an evening paper, dead. He had died, presumably of heart disease. Within a block a hundred men, some great, some small, labored, ate and alept, unmindful of him. And tragedies of a similar nature are occurring every day in some city under the sun. in some city under the sun.

Nobody in Particular.

"If you please, sir," asked Theodore Hook, v'ewing a vain member of his college strutting v'ewing a vain member of his college strutting about in cap and gown, "are you anybody in particular?" How many of us, when most secure in our vanity, could stand that probing question? A silly girl who was presented to Prince Bismarck at a levee was asked how he impressed her. "As a very dull person," she promptly replied. "He ignored me altogether." The men and women who have real work in life as a rule forget themselves, and acquire that total lack of self-consciousness which is the basis of the finest manners.

The Origin of German.

Here is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German. "Do you know," asked he, of a friend, one day, "how the German language originated?"
"No" "was the wal-

language originated "
"No," was the reply.
"We'!," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as G rman."

How He Secures Custom.

An observer of human nature, albeit he is but an humble Vienzese grocer, has hit upon an original plan of securing the custom of all the servant girls in his neighborhood. He has bought at the price of waste paper, a shoal of "penny dreadfuls," and uses the single sheets for wranging his waste in much a week at

made out of the third sheet of the Blind Man's Curse." This being done, our tradesman turns his attention to another fair customer. "Here, Fraulein Lottchen, are two pounds of soap. Please notice the wrapper. It contains the wonderful story of the Marble Bride. You shall have the continuation the next time, so come to make a purchase," and addressing the assistant he calls out, "Fritz, put down Fraulein Lottchen for Marble Bride sheet number two." That grocer is doing a roaring trade.

A Mean Trick.

A good-looking, well-to-do, and popular young bachelor, of an interior town, says the Washington Herald, was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not gettling married. He said: "Ill marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vo'e, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up, and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.

Hard on the Vienna Chief.

Hard on the Vienna Chief.

M. de Sartines, at one time chief of the police of Paris, was a mister of his profession. Tae chief of the Vienna police once wrote to him, describing a criminal who had fled from Vienna and taken refuge in Paris, and requesting Sartines to discover and seize the fugitive. Sartines gave his orders for a search for the man. Two months passed. Then he wrote the Vienna officer: "I have sought the criminal you described on all sides, and for a long time in vain. Bu' at last the efforts of my agents are rewarded. We have found the man. He is in Vienna, which city he has not left at all. You will find him at Strasse X.—, No. 56. There is a flower-pot in his window."

A Special Make.

New Amanuensis—I can't understand how it is, sir; I thought I had written this letter correctly; but I find it is full of mis-spelled words. Great Author—Ah! I see; you used the wrong typewriter. That one is for dialect stories only.

At His Mercy.

Life Insurance President—You'll never get your money from that old patient of yours. He's a hard case.

Dictor—I'll get it, never fear. He's insured in your company.

A Good Idea.

Aunt Kate—And when he died—I loved him so—I had him stuffed, and I keep him here where I can see him whenever I wish.

Little Robert () in a visit to a much-beloved aunt)—Auntie, when you die, I'm going to get papa to have you stuffed too.

An Acquaintance to be Cultivated.

Bates—I don't see why you always invite that neighbor of yours on these trips—he doesn't fish, and he's fearfully dull company. Hooker-Yes; but, my boy, those cigars he smokes are simply immense for keeping the mocenities away. nosquitos away !

Convincing Proof.

Brer. Johnsing—Habn't yo' nebber heered dat some ob de 'Postles war brack? Edder Snowball—I reckon some ob 'em war; else I can't see w'y Sain' Peter sh'd 'a' b'en so 'sturbed by dat rooster's crowin'.

Mistaben Identity.

"Who is that old rounder, Jake? I see him in every dive I enter."
"Hush, man! He's not an old rounder. That is Doctor Cavilhearst, the eminent divine. He is after a sermon."

Her Accomplishment.

Young Perkins—You have charming daughters, Mr. de Peyster. Waat a delightful voice Miss Clara has, and how divinely Miss Eugenia plays the plane! Has Miss Carolyn any accomplishment? lishment? De Peyster—Certainly; she's a summer girl.

The Revised Version. "I like Mr. Dolley well enough," said Miss Bleecker of New York, "but he talks through

his hat."
"Yes," assented Miss Enerson of Boston,
"he is somewhat addicted to the practice of conversing through his chapeau.

Like Modern Travelers

School Teacher-What do you suppose was the first thing that Columbus did on reaching America?
Bobby—He gave a reporter his impressions

A Case of Extended Sympathy. y. The poor fellow has had the delirium

erby. Mrs. Bingo-Now I understand what his wife meant when she spoke of his illness this morning. She said she could sympathize with me,

He Has a Cinch

"I want my fire insurance at one-tenth the regular rate," said an applicant for a policy.
"Why is that?" asked the secretary of the urance company.
'I'm a professional rain-compeller.'

Wanted to Die Rich.

Wanted to Die Rich.

Our forces were arranged before Vicksburg and we were waiting for the turn of affairs which was imminent, when we sent old Uncle Mose Larkins, our cook, out to forage for provisions. As all is fair in love and war, we did not question his right to some fat chickens, but when a lady came into camp the next day and accused our cook of stealing her silver, that was another affair. We called Uncle Mose, and began to question him.

"Fore' God, gemm'n, I ain't seen no sich things," he affirmed.

We knew he was lying, and told him we would string him up if he did not return the silver, but as this had no effect on him we procured a rope, put it around the old rascal's neck and told him if he had anything to say, to say it at once, as he had only five minutes to live.

"I done kno' ennything of dat woman's silver spoons," he reiterated solemnly, "an' I aln't got nuffic' to fess, but," with a twinkle in his eyes, "when you gets home and see Aunt Sarry, my po' old gal, yo' tell her dat yo' gone done hang old Uncle Mose suah enuff, but dat he died rich; yo' heah, chillun, he die rich."

This being equal to a confession, the old man was let off, but we all thought he would have preferred to die rather than restore the spoons he was compelled to give up.

penny dreadmis, and uses the single sheets for wrapping his wares in such a way as to enable the kitchen or parior girl gradually to acquire the complete work. Strange scenes are occasionally enacted in the grocer's shop. We will give a few instances "Please Mr. Nash, a loaf of bread, and will you wrap it in the Son of the Accursed, number four. Ah! the Son of the Accursed, number four. Ah! Nash, but I want you to put it in a paper bag apology: "No, really! You know, I am the A Hard Hitter.



SURPRISE SOAP

Twenty-five cents buys four cakes of "SURPRISE SOAP" from any grocer.

Four great big washings, or eight ordinary washings can be done with these four cakes, and the washing up and scrubbing as well.

The wash comes out white and sweet, while the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" makes the work easy. It's the best too for all household purposes.

Insist on Surprise for every use. It's most economical.

DON'T FORGET THE

Tent. Hammocks Fishing Tackle

Arms and Ammunition THEY ARE ALL TOGETHER AT

H. P. DAVIES & CO., 81 Yonge St., Toronto

most inattentive fellow in the world about these things. I never notice, when I ring the bell, whether John or Thomas answers it." It was a rather Rabelaisian retort which he made to a certain lady who rallied him upon the composition of his first ministry. Lady — asked, in regard to a respectable and hard-working politician, who was afterward transferred from the head of the baronets to the tail of the peers: "Is So-and-So a real man?" "I don't know," said Lord Derby; "at any rate, he has had three wives."

The Borrower Overtaken.

"If you please, Mrs. Covenhoven," said a child, presenting herself before a back-door neighbor, "mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to lend her that bowlful of sugar that you borrowed and forgot to return the other day."

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22 good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the binner route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

A Slight Mistake



"This is the biggest fool gridiron I've ever struck. I jus' dropped de chop on it an' de whole bottom burnt out."

Christian Endeavor Special Train to New York, via Erie Railway. York, via Erie Railway.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, president of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union, announces that a special vestibule train will leave Suspension Bridge on July 6 at 8 p.m., arriving in New York next morning at 8 o'clock. All Endeavorers should see that they reach Suspension Bridge in time for their train. A single fare has been arranged from all points to New York and back, and those desiring Pullman accommodation should secure them at once and avoid the rush at the last moment. For full particulars apply to Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington Street East, C. P. A. Erie Railway, Toronto.

Rushing His Work.

Rushing His Work.

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. On one occasion, upon his arrival at a certain town, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, with the promptness for which he was noted: "Stand up all of ye, and jine hands!" This request having been compiled with, he went rapidly through a marriage service. "There," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every

LALLYIII **LACROSSESTICKS**

Athletic Requisites of All Kinds Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 King St. West, Toronto

one o'ye!" Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them, and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself, and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands. "I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort yourselves."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c.; cloth, gilt, \$1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Fortune in the Cup

Who that is young and visionary or old and hopeful has not a secret weakness for fortune telling? Many a woman long past youth's golden days still looks in her teacup for her fate. And the teacup is an oracle, say the wiseacres. Do you wish to know how many years will elapse before you will marry? Balancs your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon partly with tea, and, holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one means a long twelvemonth! Should a teastalk first in your cup, it means a sweetheart, and you must stir your tea rapidly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup. If the "sweetheart" is attracted by the spoon and clings to it, you will shortly meet him; but if the tea-stalk goes to the side of the cup, you have lost him.



WE WILL SEND
absolutely FREE for
three months one of the best
Family Journals published (64
long columns) to every person

THREE FACES

The Canada Sugar Refining Co (Limited) MONTREAL MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL ENGINE

OF THE HIGHEST Q JALITY AND PURITY

LUMP SUGAR

"CROWN" Granulated **EXTRA GRANULATED** CREAM SUGARS

YELLOW SUGARS SYRUPS

els and half Barrels SOLE MAKERS



A Benedict's Friend.

A few days after the Grand Prix, as every A few days after the Grand Prix, as everybody was getting ready to go into the country,
or pretending to do so, Henri de Saint Armel
met his old friend Captain Boucoiran at the
gate of the Bois. The two horsemen fell in
together and began to chat.
"That's a pretty mare you're riding," said
Saint Armel.
"She is that, and as gentle as a kitten. I
have been training her for tue past three
months. She obeys me like a trick-pony, and
follows me like a dog. Don't you, Betsy i"
The mare pricked up her sars and whinnied
gently, as if she agreed perfectly with her
master's statement.

master's statement.

"She would make an excellent saddle-horse for a lady," remarked Saint Armel.

"Perfect; it is a pity she was ever ridden by a man. But perhaps you have some fair rider in your mind's eye with whom you could place her?"

"Perhaps I have, if you do not want too much for her. I have promised a certain young woman—you know her, perhaps, Lucie Bataille?"
"By name only. She sings somewhere—does she not?—at the Renaissance or the Bouffes? But I do not care for music, as you know, and I never set foot in a theater for fear I should come in on a lot of caterwauling. And so Mile. Lucie Bataille has inspired a certain interest in you?"

so Mile. Lucie Batalie has inspired a certain interest in you?"
"Well, yes. Haven't you heard of it?"
"I hope you do not imagine that my course of lectures at the military academy leaves me much time to look after other men's little affairs? But you have promised this girl a horse, eh? Well, you are in for a rather serious present."

horse, ch? Well, you are in for a rather season, present."

"It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, which you will presently learn, compel me to break with her. Poor Lucie! She's a charming woman. Not very pretty, but distinguished, possessed of good manners, and not a caterwaler, as you put it. I must present you to her. If that little woman had any luck, she would be at the Opera, and I assure you that the glasses in the orchestra seldom center on a prettier page than she makes. If you could see her in burlesque! But, to come back to business, how much do you want for your mare?"

could see her in burlesque! But, to come back to business, how much do you want for your mare?"

The bargain was made, and the two friends separated, promising to meet the next winter. Two months later the Count de Saint Armel married a charming American, as pretty as she was rich—which explained the "circumstances" that had led to the acquisition of Betsy as a farewell gift to Lucie Bataille.

Autumn passed, and the winter came. Boucoiran had resumed his lectures and bought him another horse. Every morning regularly he took his turn in the Bois. A fortnight ago, as he was passing near the circular shelter of Ermenonville, what should the captain see but Betsy, his old mare, a side-saddle on her back, being held by an ancient servitor, got up in the most correct style and himself mounted on a splendid horse? Evidently Betsy, the side saddle, and the ancient servitor were waiting for some fair amazon. But it was not solely through curiosity to see the woman that Boucoiran stopped. What he wished to determine was whether the mare still knew him. He dismounted, drew from his pocket a bit of sugar, and approached the animal, which had already scented him. Poor Betsy, did she still remember her old master? He had only to look at her, to see her prick up her ears, nod her head, and whinny plaintively, almost tenderly.

Boucoiran, delighted, caressed the animal, and made her give him her foot, to the great edification of the servant.

"The mare is looking well," Boucoiran said. "Oh, yes, capitain," replied the groom. "We take good care of her. But she don't seem to have forgotten her old master."

"Why, how do you recognize me?" demanded Boucoiran, surprised at being addressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's

dressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's once, it's twenty times I've heard the count speak of his friend, the captain, and say how well he had trained Betsy."

"Well, "thought Boucoiran, "Lucie Bataille has a very stylish man to look after her horse. I must try to meet this little siren."

He had scarcely formed the project in his mind, when a coupe drove up from the Dauphin Gate. In it were two women; one of respectable age and excellent appearance; the other, very pretty and in riding habit. The latter got out, after kissing her companion, and said to her:

"By. bye, mamma. I shall be here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly," thought Boucoian, "she does things in the most proper style. Mare, groom and coupe, all are irreproachable—and the mother more than all. By Jove! to allow herself the luxury of a mother like that, she must

self the luxury of a mother like that, she must find comic opers very remunerative."

He lifted his hat to Lucie Bataille, who seemed surprised at first to find Betsy co-quetting with a stranger. But, after a few words in English from the groom, she returned the captain's bow cordially, and said to him,

with a smile:

"I ought to be jealous of the interest Betsy takes in you. But I prefer to thank you for having trained her so admirably. And, thanks to her, we are already on friendly terms."

She turned toward the old lady, who was watching this scene through the carriage window.

watching this scene through the carriage window.

"Mother," she said, "let me present you to Captain Boucoiran—the friend of whom M. de Saint Armel speaks so often."

Boucoiran could not repress a feeling of surprise at hearing Lucie Bataille speak thus in genuously of Saint Armel. Perhaps the marriage had fallen through, and affairs had remained in statu quod erat, with Betsy thrown in.

thrown in.

The young woman proved charmingly amiable, and had a delicious figure, as her well cutriding habit made manifest. They chatted for five minutes about Betsy, her points, her habits and her feed. Boucoiran gave much advice, and finally asked permission to help the pretty horsewoman to her saddle, which was granted. He had not dared to let the conversation touch upon Saint Armel; but, as he was leaving her, Lucie Batallie said, point-blank:

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend." thrown in.

Lucie Bataille said, point-blank:

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend."

Boucoiran turned all colors. This was incomprehensible. The idea of trying to defer anything to the finer feelings of such a woman! Speaking as if by chance and at the risk of seeming behind the times, he replied:

"Well — er — certain events — er — change things. Since poor Henri married—for he is married, if I am not mistaken."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the young woman, laughing as if at an excellent jest; "I assure you he hasn't changed so much as that. But you shall judge for yourself—come and lunch with us presently, sans ceremonic."

"Lunch!" stammered the dumbfounded officer; "why—where?

"45 Rue Murillo," cried Lucie Bataille, as she set off at a gallop, prettily saluting him with her crop. And the groom followed after her a little distance.

The coupe rattling off in the other directior, Boucoiran was left alone, filled with wonder and misgivings. So Saint Armel continue to use Lucie Bataille. To see her!—why, he lunched at her house. True, this little diva was pretty enough to lure a man from the narrow path. But why the deuce had Henri married i To get his hand into some old oil kingstoffers, probably, and heaven knows where the girl's dot was going—though it needed no omniscience to make a close guess. Well, a soldier need not be a saint, and Boucoiran's lectures at the military academy were not on morals. A pretty woman had invited him to lunch, and he would go.

At the stroke of noon, Boucoiran dismounted before the door of a cozy little house in the

Getting Acclimated.



Blumenthal (who has blossomed out with a steam-yacht and is taking his first trip up the sound)—"Look languid, Leah. Don'd gif it away dot ve vos new."—Judge.

Rue Murillo. Lucie had come in, for in the court Betsy's toilet was being made. The entrance hall and the first salon were in

The entrance hall and the first salon were in admirable taste. In a more intimate room, Lucie, in a very simple gown of white laine, received her guest.

"Henri is keeping us waiting," she said; "you shall see how astonished he will be when he sees you. Do you know, Captain Boucoiran, that I am quite angry with you for not having presented yourself earlier!"

"I am very busy with my professional work, and I scarcely ever go out in what is called the real society—though it is not the most amusing—and I detest music. You will hardly believe me when I tell you I have never heard you sing."

"You have not missed much, then. I have a very poor voice and only sing when I have to."
"But you sing every evening, if I am not mistaken."

"I! It is more than a fortnight since I have "I! It is more than a fortnight since I have sung a note."
"So much the worse for the ears of Paris. If I were in Henri's place, I would send you on in your art; for our friend"—with a fine smile—"seems to me to have retained some influence over you."
"If you only knew how unsympathetic he is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging me."

is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging me."

"Then it is through jealousy. But when he spoke to me of you—it was the very day I sold Betsy to him—he said he would like to eee you at the Opera."

"You must be joking. And what more did he say!—it interests me extremely to hear these confiderces."

"Will you pardon me if I go into details?"

"Oh, pray go on, captair. It seems we are old friends."

"Well, Henri said to me: 'She is simply perfect in a page's part. With a figure like hers——"

"What! he spoke to you of my——"

"And to think that I have never had the curlosity to judge for myself! I am quite laid away on the shelf, am I not? But, really, I am so busy. Besides, I do not share Henri's tastes. We are quite dissimilar. Between ourselves, I am always asking myself what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucie Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, but did not deem it best to make any is sponse.

"When he announced," continued Boucoiran,

springing from his chair. "Your husband!—you are his wife?"
"Come, my dear fellow," said the count, who was pale with vexation, "Mme. de Saint Armel will think you are cray. Sit down and let us finish our luncheon in peace and quiet. I suppose you will soon be promoted?"
But Boucoiran had dropped his napkin, and, before anyone could prevent him, he had fled, tearing his hair.

It is unnecessary to state that he has never again set foot in the Saint Armels' house. But he did eventually get light on the causes of his horrible mistake. It seems that, the very day that Betsy was to be given to Lucie Bataille, the capr clous diva had levanted with a Russian of fabulous wealth, and Saint Armel, practical fellow that he was, had kept the mare to make her later a saddle horse for his wife. But the captain had not heard these details.

Worth of Notice.

If you wish to restore to your cheeks that charming rose tint which they have lost add every morning to the water used for washing, a teaspoonful of Persian Lotion. The effect is marvellous.

Charity Beginneth at Home. Daughter—You know, father, they are going to have a fair at the church next week, and I thought I would like to get something for it.

Father (handing her a check)—Certainly, my daughter. In the cause of charity I am always liberal. What were you going to get?

Daughter—Something in the way of a new

Don't become constipated. Take BEECHAM'S

A Railway to the Stars

A Railway to the Stars

In a recent lecture On Fixed Stars Dr. David
Gill wanted to give an illustration of the distance to Centauri. This is what he said:

"We are a commercial people; we like to make our estimates in punds sterling. We shail suppose that some wealthy directors have failed in getting Parliamentary sanction to cut a sub-Atlantic tunnel to America, and so, for want of some other outlet for their energy and capital, they construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect, for the present, the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic.

"We shall go farther, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way. I herefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fares exc.edingly moderate—viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles.

"Desiring to take advantage of these facili-

"Desiring to take advantage of these facili-"Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, an American gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the National Debt of England and a few other countries, and, presenting himself at the booking office, demands a first-class single to Centauri. For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the National Debt of England, which just covers the cost of his ticket; but I should explain that at this time the National Debt from little wars, coupled with some unremunerative Government investments in landed property, had been run up from £700,000,000 to £1,100,000,000 sterling. Having taken his seat, it occurred to him to ask, 'At what ra'e do you travel?'

Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages, is the answer.
"'Then when shall we reach Centauri!"
"In 43 663,000 pears, sir."
"'Humph! rather a long journey."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

dence he wanted to marry for seas large as Lucie Satalile opened her eyes as large as large as the state of th

Sorry act to be able to answer you occue:

Annis Sind.— You ask me do I think you could manage children No, miss, the carelessumes and erratic will which makes you leave cut letters and turn the ones you put in at all angles would be bad stuff for a governess to evoive from. I hope your very crude writing is the (fort of a too youthful and not a very badly trained and ill-disciplined mind. It is not really worth the time taken by a delineation.

HEMA DUDLEY.—I. I cannot recommend any hair dyer, but to realishle hair merchants who can supply you, refer to our advertising columns. 2. Your writing shows romanic fancy, rather large celf-esteem, good energy and adapability, rather issue much desire for affect, but also love of perfooticin, a teachency to despond, shich many proceed from it-health and a laich of self-control and repose which should be corrected.

EULE ETE.—I. What a funny youngster you are, with

be corrected.

EULL EYR.—1. What a funny youngster you are, with your unstudied lessons and your serious queetion! It isn't quite three years, my dear, since your letter came, but it is about four months, that's an awful time as warf for an answer, is it not? The berrible amount of lessons you have has at any rate made you a good speller, which is a source of comfort to yours truly. 2 It is not order for a memorial of speak at that time.

POR.—1. Your and of lime.

er to speak at that itims.

Fork.—1. Your nom de plume looks something like that, your letter is dated. February 12. I am sorry, as you say you have no patience, that it was so long in being reached.

You are searnest, rather clover with your tongue, and doubtless is action and thought as well as in speech; saving in ffort and rather pertinacious in getting your own way; have good perception, rather sensitive sympathy, caution and perseverance, are carrful of details and systematic in method, an able hand. 3. The origin of the pretty colored bottles in drug store windows was in the last that drugglists used to exhibit their unattractive pottoms ready mixed in their windows as an advertisement, and when that fashion was disconsansand they substituted colored water bottles.

Laura SROCORD.—1. I was very glad to rad your little

tuted colored water bottles.

Laura SEGORD.—I. I was very glad to read your little parsonalitions.—I. I was very glad to read your little parsonalities. See nice of you to write them! You are quite right about the mocds. The only impossible one to me is the gently melancholy. Should I fer it coming on, I always get into the open air, and in our busiest streshman is away upon the crowd. P. reistant practice of this sort soon makes the habit of mooning impossible. Usually melancholy mooners have never known a real sorrow, or have conveniently short memories and placid minds. I quite agree with you, fur from the inside is framis r than fur meaning the control of the control o

Russian Justice.

Russian Justice.

In many countries, when lawyers are invoked to argue in troubles about property, the men of law come in for a good share of the property in dispute. In Russia sflairs of this kind are semetimes more adroitly managed, without the aid of the lawyers, but to the mortification of all the litigants. The following is a case in point. A farmer brought a cowskin to market, which a shoemaker bought for two and a half roubles. Having, however, no money with him, the latter went home to procure it. In the meantime another buyer appeared and bid three roubles for the skin. The farmer, after waiting a while in vain for the stoemaker's return, gave the skin to the scoond buyer. Unluckily at this moment the original buyer returned and demanded his purchase. A quarrel ensued, which ended in the matter being brought before a justice. The latter listened to the evidence, and then addressing the shoemaker said:

"You bought the skin first!" dressing the shoemaker said:
"You bought the skin first?"

"Yes."
"For how much?"
"Two and a half roubles."
"Have you the money?"
"Yes."
"Put it on the table."
Turning to the second buyer the justice inulred:

quired:
"Did you buy the skin afterward?"
"Yes,"
"And paid for it?"
"Yes,"
"How much did you pay?"

Three roubles."
You have the skin?"

"Put it under the table."

"Put it under the table."

The man threw his purchase under the table, and made room for the farmer, whom the justice next addressed.

"You agreed to sell for two and a half roubles, and the buyer, not returning promptly with the money, I understand you sold to another for three roubles?"

Yes—exactly."

"Yes-exactly."
"Have you the three roubles?"

"Yes."
"Put them on the table."

This was done, and then the judge delivered his decision.
"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining

"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining without money, thereby endangering the peace of the town. The second buyer is to blame for outbidding another, and the seller for dealing or attempting to deal with people without money. Now all three of you get out! Quick march!" And the disputants were turned out, leaving the money and skin as the perquisite of justice.

Solid Trains to Omaha.

Vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining, sleeping and reclining chair car service in the world, via "Chicago & Omaha Short Liue" of the Chicago, Milwaukte & St. Paul Railway. Double daily train service, with no transfer at Council Bluffs as heretofore. Apply to nearest coupon ticket agent for tickets and further information, or address A. J. Taylor, Can. Pass. Agen*, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Afraid He Wouldn't Pass

Afraid He Wouldn't Pass

He was a man well along in middle age and was willing to be insured. The agent has prepared his "application," and turned him over to the searching scrutiny of the accomplished nedical examiner.

"I might as well tell jov, doctor, to begin with, that ours has been a family of fatalitles and sudden deaths," said the applicant.

The examiner looked serious as he replied:

"Why, you seem to be in excellent physical condition. What did your father die of?"

"Heart disease."

"That's bad. How old was he?"

"Ninety-two."

"Um! And your mother!"

"She's gone, too. Killed at a crossing."

"And her age?"

"Mother was a little over seventy."

"Do you know the age and cause of your grandfathers' deaths?" continued the examiner.

"Yes, indeed. Father's father died just a week after his ninetieth birthday. They said he used too much tobacco. Mother's father was only eighty-eight. Falling down stairs finished him."

"And your grandmothers?"

"One of 'em had consumption at eighty-six, and died of it in no time. The other was nipped with sunstroke at eighty-four. Oh, they all went quick."

The examiner did not seem so grave as he asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One sister and two brothers." was the answer. "John went out into the mining country when he was seventy-two, got into trouble there, called a drunken man a liar, and was shot. Henry was drowned at sixty-nine trying to help save two young fellows that couldn't swim. Sister's alive. She's awfully careless; ate a lot of green stuff the day of her golden wedding, then danced in the evening with all the old fellows out on the lawn, even after it was raining; took her two days to get over it. She'll go in a hurry like all the rest some of these times."

"Well," said the medical gentleman, smiling, "I think I'll chance you, and don't believe your application will be 'turned down' at the home office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you are 50 years old."—Chicago Post.

Does It Interest You to Know

Where you can obtain the best accordment of Artists and Decorative Materials

The Art Metropole

131 Youge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St) and 3, 5 and 7 Toronto Arcade WHOLESALE AND RETAIL



ESTABLISHED 1867

J. & J. LUGSDIN THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers 101 Yonge Street, TORONTO





SICK

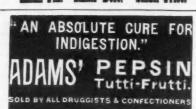
HEAD

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER FLITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Mew York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



Dunn's Mustard

ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE,
Brockville, Ont., says:

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain." NEURALCIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me.

IT IS THE BEST.

LITTLE GYPSY ON EXHIBITION

You are invited to call at MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S, 145 1 2 YONGE St., TORONTO, and judge for yourself of the wonderful merits of her celebrated FACE BLEACH by interviewing 'Little Gypsy," who has had the tan and freckles removed from only one side of her face, in order to show you exactly what Face Bleach will do.

Ladies out of town will do well to send stamp for booklet.

Treatments for every detect of Hair, Face or Figure. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS WITHOUT LEAVING SCAR 145 1-2 YONGE STREET



Rise and Fall of a Good Intention



N the head of Mr. Mc-Carthy, piano tuner and accompanist at secular and religious concerts, a resolution had been taken. He made up his mind that he would give his wife a delightful surprise before he was twelve hours older. He is a man of extreme decision and would therefore have made a good military commander had he happened upon

other times. He pondered nothing-he had any undertaking completed before the ordinary man would have had his pondering appliances at work. When he started to become a man he became one immediately without experiencing the slow process of growth. This left him a small man, of course, but a man nevertheless, brisk, vigorous and ready for the serious business of life. There was emphatically no humbug or dawdling about him. He married a wife, bought a perambulator to accommo date twins, and had sent Mrs. McCarthy and the infants during the hot weather to visit friends in Hamilton. No holidays for himholidays, all humbug. But he had decided to create a surprise.

"Margaret," he said to the servant as he entered the house, "pack my valise at once—put in night robe, slippers, skull cap and those two pieces of waltz music on the center table. I'm going to surprise Min and the babies up at Hamilton. They'll no more expect to see me than the man in the moon. Train goes about six, but I want that valise down town with me right away. Don't fiddle around like that-wake up."

"But," said Margaret, who had become like one of the family under her master's nohumbug habits, "won't you telegraph to Mrs McCarthy ?"

"Telegraph! What kind of a surprise would it be if I did? Anyhow, she would faint if she got a telegram. No, I'm going to pop right in on them-ring the bell, walk in, sit down among 'em, have a baby laughing on each knee before anybody can say a word. It'll please Min, mind you. I'll wait five minutes for that

He drew out his watch and straddled out his legs, looking for all the world like a large bootjack of olden times. Margaret was fast and he soon sped down the street. A ride on the train is a sore trial to a no-humbug man who does not smoke. He will not stoop to the hypocrisy of pretending to read, because the rushing landscape diverts his attention, and sitting quietly at the window observing the landscape is too idle and listless, utterly. It being impossible then to find contented occupation, nothing remained for Mr. McCarthy but to toss himself impatiently into every possible position with lightning rapidity of change; to enquire of the conductor and every brakeman whom he could see what time the train was due at Hamilton, and if she were on time; to fight his way into the baggage-room to see if his valise had been put aboard, and to transfer himself from one coach into the next because he shrewdly detected a slight hitchy motion in one of the car-wheels, and observed that the train officials only remained in that car so long as duty demanded.

Hamilton at last. "Now," thought Mr. McCarthy, "I shall make a wide detour and keep out of sight of the house until I can swoop down upon it." He disappeared down a side street, crossed over and up a few more, got a glimpse of the house and edged towards it rapidly. Then by a brilliant flank movement he outwitted the great inquisitive bowwindow in front and stood ringing the doorbell. He rang again in an argumentative, re monstrative way. He tried the handle, thinking it impossible that they should be out. No mae-all were away.

He felt hurt, injured. Min was too much given to being out when the infants should be abed. It was too bad that they should be out, because he had to return home by the morning train. He sat down on the steps to wait. To a no-humbug man, sitting on a doorsten under such circumstances is a sorer trial than riding on a train. He squirmed and walked to the gate, and then around the house, and rang the door-bell again, savagely. It would be no harm to enquire next door; no, they knew nothing about it, likely out driving.

Mr. McCarthy was an hungered. He had counted upon having a nice little supper prepared for him after the folks had recovered their breath and the edge of their surprise had worn away. The plan having miscarried, and being tired waiting, he decided to sup at an hotel, and being a man of decision he soon reached one.

"Hello, Mac," cried a familiar voice as he ant down at a table, and opposite him he recognized a drummer of his acquaintance.

They washed down the meal with a friendly glass of ale, and the drummer stepped around as far as the gate with the piano tuner. Not home yet. Half an hour crawled away, the slowest record ever made since time began, and then the pair set out for a walk around the block. Mr. McCarthy is a sober man, though not an abstainer, and under the circumatances he did not think it wrong to drink a few more glasses of ale, but presently he became talkative and rode his hobbies furiously, and branched from ale to wine and from a condition of sober discontent into one of drunken bliss. The drummer enjoyed the lark, but when they returned towards the house where Mrs. Mc-Carthy was visiting and lights could be seen within it, the drummer's senses returned and he refused to let his friend present himself. To carry his point he had to carry his disputatious companion back to the hotel, where subsequently, assisted by the porter, he carefully put him to bed.

Next day about noon, a gentleman who is a piano tuner by profession and accompaniat at secular and religious concerts, having missed the first train by over-sleeping himself, might have been seen dodging from the hotel towards the depot, which haven, after several brilliant flank movements, he succeeded in reaching just in time to scramble abcard the train.

When Margaret enquired about the folks Mr. McCarthy jerked out a statement that he had not gone after all, but had been detained to take part in a commercial travelers' concert. He further instructed her not to mention to his wife a word about his intended surprise when she came back, because he might carry out his interrupted intention some other time. He also paid her back wages up that day and threw in a dollar because the whole responsibility of the house was upon her shoulders.

Mrs. McCarthy wrote next day, telling him the peculiar circumstance that while they had been absent at John's some man called two or three times at the house and enquired about them from the neighbors-a little man, dark, with light overcoat and an alligator valise. This was an exact description of her husband but she knew it could not be he. In his reply he said he hoped he was not such a horrible freak of nature that nobody else on earth would come under the same description as would fit

Mrs. McCarthy brought up the coincidence in conversation after her seturn, and when Margaret asked what day it happened upon Mr. McCarthy ordered that meddlesome menial to bring in the coffee. She now draws two dollars more per month than she did before going for the coffee. MACK.

About Precious Stones.

About Precious Stones.

The most curious pearl, for many reasons, is that which the traveler Tavernier scid in the seventeenth century to the Shah of Persia for 2,700 000 francs. It came from Califa, and it is still the property of the sovereigns of Persia. The Iman of Mascata has a pearl through which one can see the light. It is a luxury that one may indulge in for 800,000 francs. This pearl is valued to-day at about 900 000 francs. Or e which is owned by the Princess Youssoupoff is unique in the world for its water. It was sold in 1620 to the King of Spain for 80,000 ducats. Pope Leo XIII. inherits from one of his predecessors on the throne of St. Peter a pearl valued at 400,000 francs.

Besides these pearls, which are without rivals, it is necessary to mention the necklace of the Empress Frederick. It is composed of thirty-two pearls only, and its value is 600,000 francs. Her mother, Queen Victoris, possesses, in addition to the biggs at diamond in the world, the Koh'ncor, valued at 50,000 000 francs, a necklace of rose-colored pearls, which the public were admitted to see formerly in the Tower of London. It is worth 400,000 francs.

The necklace of the Baroness Gustave de Rotschild Fa' five rows of pearls, and is valued at 1,000,000 francs, and that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rotschild at 1,200,000. Both ladies proceed in the same manner in regard to pearls. Every time that a jeweler finds pearls that are really beautiful he is authorized to bring them to these ladies, and they buy them, at no matter what price. The connoisseurs hesitate between these two necklaces and that of the Empress of Russia, which has seven rows, but the pearls are less "united." The necklace of the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows, and cost 900 000 francs.

At the time of Mme. Marie Blanc's sale, M. Sarlin, the son in-law of the first president, M. Perviver, bought a pearl necklace for 551 000 francs. It is said that its value is still greater.

Marie has six rows, and cost 900 000 francs. At the time of Mme. Marie Blanc's sale, M. Sarlin, the son in-law of the first president, M. Perivier, bought a pearl necklace for 551 000 francs. It is said that its value is still greater. Mlle. Dosle, the sister of Mme. Thiers, holds from the latter several rows of pearls which it took her thirty years to gather, which are valued at 400,000 francs. After the war Mme. Le Breton sold to the late Mme. De Paiva for the Empress Eugenie the necklace of white pearls which that sovereign had herself collected. The few defects of some of those pearls lowered its value, and it sold for 300,000 francs. We have not been able to discover where this necklace now is.

The Empress of Austria postesses black pearls, the most beautiful that can be seen. Her casket is, it appears, priceless. It is one of the most famous in Europe, after that of the Empress of Russia. It is hardly necessary to recall the fact that last year Mme. Leonide Leblanc sold her necklace, three rows of pearls, for 131,000 francs; but after the incident, the recollection of which is perhaps still preserved, she had to take it back. Her necklace is a waterfall, or collier en chute; that is to say, the pearls are regularly graded up to the largest size, which are in the middle, Mile. Marie Magnier has some enormous pearls. She is celebrated for her jewelry. Among other things she possesses two solitaires for which she paid the trifle of 50,000 francs.

To finish with the pearls, let us call attention to the fact that the more they are worn the more brilliancy and whiteness they acquire, and consequently their value becomes enhanced. Let us add that the rose-colored pearls are the most prized, and that the black pearls, perfect in form, without defects, are extremely rare. They cost even more then the white pearls which present the same conditions, that is to say, which reach perfection.

The names of the celebrated diamonds are known, but their value and their owners are not generally known. The Regent alone has

not generally known. The Regent alone has been followed in its wanderings. The public admired it at the Louvre, in which it was deposited in 1887. It was considered the most beautiful, and valued at 3,125,000 francs. The

been followed in its wanderings. The public admired it at the Louvre, in which it was deposited in 1837. It was considered the most beautiful, and valued at 3,125,000 francs. The Sancy is worth 500,000 francs. After having belonged to the Princess Paul Demidoff, it be came the property of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy of Bombay. The Orloff, bought by the prince of that name for Catherine II., cost 2,250,000 francs in addition to an annuity of 100,000 francs, and moreover the seller, named Safras, received a title. This diamond at present belongs to the crown of Russia.

The crown of Austria possesses the Florentine, which is valued at 2,500,000 francs. An Indian rajah owns the Star of the South, purchased for 4,000,000 francs, and the Rajah of Golconda has in his casket the Nizam. It is worth 5,500,000 francs. The Pigott brought to England by the nobleman who gave it his name, is worth 750,000 francs. It was put up at auction in 1831. Who knows what has since become of it? The Pacha, which belongs to the Viceroy of Egypt, cost 700,000 francs. It is a beautiful stone, carved with eight facets, and weighs forty-nine carats.

The Grand Mogul that the Shah of Persia, its happy owner, has baptized "Derial-noor" ("ocean of light") is priceless. The Nassak, which weighs 82½ carats, and belongs to Lord Westminster, is valued at 300,000 francs. He paid 700 000 for it. The largest of all diamonds is in Matan, in the island of Borneo, where the Rajah preserves it jealously. The Government of Batavia one day took a fancy to it, and offered the Rajah two war ships completely equipped and 800,000 francs for the stone, but the Rajah refused.

King Charles of Portugal possesses a fine diamond of 205 carats. The Empress Eugenie used to wear a comb set with diamonds that had no rival. She also had a considerable length of a diamond grand imitating nine leaves and gooseberries. The effect of these diamonds was dazzling. At the time of the sale of the crown diamonds, a necklace of four rivieres each composed of bezels in brilliants, mo

ahe buys some every year.

In France just now the pearl and ruby are prized most. As for diamonds, the Duchess of Doudeauville and the Countess de Pourtales have introduced a new style in wearing them.

A ribbon is passed around the neck and fastened to a bow of ribbons besprinkled with

A ribbon is passed around the neck and fastened to a bow of ribbons besprinkled with the diamonds.

In Paris Mrs. Mackay has the finest diamonds. She has a necklace two metres in length, formed of stones well assorted and without a single defect. Its value is unknown.

Tuguoises feally fine are becoming rare. The Maharajah of Duleep Singh, formerly King of Lahore and pensioned in Paris by the English Government, has one of the most famous turquoises in existence. It is very flat, and measures six centimetres in height and five in width. One of the sons of Abd; e-Kader has a charmed turquoise upon which legends dictated by Mohammed (?) are carved. A turquoise to be really valuable must be of the old rock, very thick in form, and as little cut as possible. Sick people turn the turquoises that they wear pale and greenish. Happy are the women whose turquoises are of a beautiful blue. They have good health and good tempers, Lady Burlette-Coutts must be counted among the happy ladies. She has turquoises that are known to amateurs, and the poorest among them is worth from 5,000 to 6 000 francs.

The Czarina has beautiful emeralds.

the poorest among them is worth home, we have 6 000 francs.

The Czarina has beautiful emeralds. Her Alexandrite gems, which are green in the day and red in the night, are valued at 700 000 francs. On her crown she carries an aquamarine worth 600,000 francs. Lady Burdette-Coutts has two sapphires which are worth 750,000 francs. In our museum there is a sapphire that weighs 135 carats. It was found in Bengal by a man who was selling wooden spoons. Taken to Europe it became the property of the house of Raspoll in Rome. Then it was purchased by a German prince, who sold it to a Paris jeweler named Perret for 170,000 francs.—The Figaro.

Perfecting His Italian.

Mrs. McClaugh—Is your son goin' to school now, Mrs. McGooghan? Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure he's t'rew wid the English branches. He's perfectin' his Italian

"Helpin' dig a sewer down on the road be

Too Much Lung.

Young Wife—My dear, the first time I saw you, you were with a party of students giving the college yell.

Husband—Yes, I remember.

"And I noticed what a remarkable voice you

"Yes, you spoke of it. Why?"
"Nothing, only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it."

A Mean Fe'low.

Miss Beauti-I think Mr. Lovelorn is just too mean for anything, and after all the favors I've shown him, too. I used to go to operas and theaters and everywhere with him, and now, when I ask him a little favor, he refuses. Friend-What did you want? Miss Beauti-I asked him to be one of the ushers at my wedding.

With Winks In It.

"You say you drank nothing but sada water?" enquired the police magistrate. "Was it just the plain soda?"
"Well, it had one or two winks in it, your honor," reluctantly admitted the blear-eyed and demoralized prisoner.
"Thirty days," said the magistrate, "for attempting to give the court wind. Next!"

Domestic Economy

"So you are going to be married," said one irl to another. "So you are going to be married," said one girl to another.

"Yee."
"I thought you intended to remain single."
"I did. But I've been taking lessons in cooking and I don't want to waste them."

The Poor Farmer.

The man was plowing a patch of corn on a hillside farm with a horse thinner than the soil was. As I rode up to the fence he stopped to see what I wante i.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Kinder," he said, mopping his face.

"Why don't you plow deeper?" I suggested.

"Down to the bed rock now," he said, with a grin.

grin.
"How many acres have you?" I enquired. "I guess you don't work it right," I said, with the air of a man who knew all about the business. "You ought to turn the whole farm

over."

He looked at me lazily for ten seconds.
"Well, who in thunder'll I turn it over to?"
he asked, in mild surprise. "Thar ain't nobody round here az kin afford to take it. They've got more now than they can pay taxes on. Maybe you'd like to try it, mister. I'll swop the whole thing fer that hoss you're ridin', and throw the old woman and children in to boot. What do you say?"
I said good bye hurriedly and went away in the same ratio.

the same ratio.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN

OF MUSIC ARTISTS' AND TEACHERS' CRADUATING COURSES

IN ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC. University Affiliatio

SCHOLARSHIPS, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES, MEDALS, ETC. Summer Normal Term. FALL TERM opens 5th Sept. arged staff and increased facilities

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION MR. S. H. CLARK, Principal. BEST METHODS, LARGE AND EFFICIENT STAFF, COMPLETE EQUIPMENT.

One and two year courses with Diploma
Delsarte and Bwedish Gymnastics,

faught by competent specialists.
Fall Term (Elocution) begins Sept. 20th.
Separate Calendar for this department. CONSERVATORY CALENDAR MAILED FREE EDWARD FISHER,

MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony AT THE THE TOTAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (Formerly principal resident plano teacher as the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Plane Playing on and after September I, at her residence

Fupils of Ladier Colleges taught at reduction in terms MR. A. S. VOGT Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Haptist Church

Teacher in the advanced grades of the Planoforte at the Toronto College of Music, Moulism Ladies' College and Dufferin Huss.

Residence 605 Church Street.

MR. F. WARRINGTON IVI BARITONE Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto
Will receive pupils in Voice Culture, at his residence, 214
Carlton Street, Toronto.
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGLAGEMENTS DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST, Cor. College and Youge Streets. Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

VITALIZED AIR FREE rill insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for \$3 \$10, and include extracting with the air.

C. H. RIGGS Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1476

STAMMERING CHURCH'S. AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No advance 3 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.



TORONTO COLLEGE ARTISTS of MUSIC and TEACHERS

CERTIFICATES **DIPLOMAS** (LIMITED)
Sand for calender. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Direct

W. Studied in Germany with the famous artists—
M. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, Gustav Schreck and Addiff Ruthardt. Exponent of the celebrated Krause-Liest technic, the method and style of the greatest planists. Teacher of piano playing and harmony at Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, and Mis veal's School for Young Ladies, also privately. Address—
112 College Street, Toronto

LOYD N. WATKINS

BOS Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and
Zither. J. W. F. HARRISON

J * Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.

Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby

ORGAN AND PIANO 94 Gloucester Street

J. W. L. FORSTER 8 Pertraits a Specialty ARTIST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A. SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and son monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. S 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait
Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of Painter, is prepared to receive a limited pupile in painting and drawing. Terms on appli Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, eNT.

Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Elegant buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

COTHERSTONE HOUSE 189 Bloor Street East

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies Easter Term Commences April 15 For circulars address the MISSES JOPLING.

STAMPS WANTED

Wanted, obsolete Canadian Postage Stamps, also Canadian Provincial Stamps, such as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, as well as Newfoundland, &c.

Look up your old letters; many of these are worth \$2 and \$3 each.

A collection of Old Postage Stamps wanted, for which a good price will be paid.

GEO. A. LOWE 346 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Bingham :: Invitations Good :...

.......... 38 Adelaide St. West Toronto ••••••

W. MICKLETHWAITE PHOTOGRAPHER

Cor. King and Jarvis Streets, Toronto

Mikado Panels, 6 for 50c.; \$1 a doz. Sunbeams, 4 for 25c.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer 116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West Photographs of all sizes

C RAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mustral 68. Handsome turnouse with naruful drivers any time day ar night. Zelephone 2104 Arthur M. Bowmas

NEWCOMBE -:-

PIANOS

THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

OTTAWA

TORONTO

MONTREAL Head Office-107-9 Church Street

NEW MUSIC

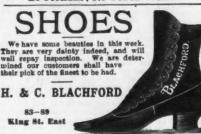
Auita Valse Espagnole, by B. Renbe Victoria, new dance, by H. M. Early, music by Chas. Bohner. . 40c. Danse Romantique (Jersey or Schottische) F. E. Galbraith.... 40c. Comic Song, There's Not Another Like It, by James Fax...... 40c. Sacred Song, Sun of My Soul, by Nellie Smith 50c.

Elite Song Folio, a splendid col-loction of song, paper cover.... 75c. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Publishers

Pickles' Specialties for This Week:
Tan Boots and Shoes, very cheap.
Gents' Piccadilly Russia Calf boots, very cheap.



AT PICKLES', 328 YONGE STREET



Miraculous Water

FOR THE COMPLEXION P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT H. & W. WATSON'S

MADAME IRELAND'S

Herbal Toilet Soap

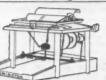
11 Adelaide Street West

The Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which reader it very useful is some outsneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the

We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.

Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 5 beams for \$1. Send for amphlet to THOMPSON'S HOMEOPATHIC PRARMACY 384 Youge Street, Toronto



REMINGTON **STANDARD** TYPEWRITER

The Leading Educational Institutions are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.

Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work.

GEORGE BENGOUGH.

10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
TORONTO. Telephone 1207.



THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT This well-known restaurant, having been recently an-iarged and refitted, offers great industments to the public. The Dining-room is commoditous and the Bill of Fare care-fully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUOM are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE

Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following priose (pay when delivered), viz: 6 crates for \$1; 13 crates, \$2; 20 crates, \$8. A crate holds as much as a barrel, fised a post earl to HARVIE & COL, 28 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Groose or Druggiet and belephone 1570.

expecta couple of Oh, throwing "Yes she clus The dise and assertion

The Palace of one heard a appeals as the enough and ru destructordinar could be the englished.

Chicago with a a little

la the control of the

Star beau Tues open adjo Miss the and tains men

of two Nelle presi Miss Leno Mack Mild. Reyn They a back

with

girls E. H

esses, Lock' Howi Chad Mrs. Rev. Miss and Mrs. MacD Judge Drew Geo. Finlay and t Strath Parket and M Mrs. T. Mr. D.

Out of Town

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

'A very jolly pienic to Queenston Heights was given last Friday by Mr. Leslie Nelles. About half-past one o'clock a drag, drawn by four very spirited horses and followed by two or three smaller vehicles, passed through Main street and across the commons leading to the River road, accompanied by the musit of the indispensable horn and the gay laughter and chatter of twenty five or thirty merry-makers. After a most enjoyable afternoon spent in rambling about the grounds surrounding the monument, where tes in true picnic style was indulged in, the party returned to Holmehurst, the nandsome residence of Mrs. Robert Bill, when a pleasant little dance brought a most delightful day to a close. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. R. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Miss Griffith, Miss C. Arnold, Mr. and Miss Anderson, Miss Kitty Ball, Mr. E. and Mr. P. Ball, the Misses Blake, the Misses Bernard, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. A. and the Misses Paffard, Mr. F. and Miss Geddes, Mr. Brown and Miss Winnie Smith.

Mr. H. S. Strathy of the Traders' Bank, Toronto, spent last Saturday in town.

Mrs. and Miss Roe are the guests of Mrs. J. Bill of Locust Grove.

Mrs. J. A. Fuchs has been spending a few days with Mrs. H. L. Anderson.

Mr. Allan Anderson of the Imperial Bank, Niagara Falls, was in town last Sunday.

Miss Florence Dickson of Surrey, England, and Miss Daisy McMurray spent a few days last week at the rectory, the guests of Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

Miss Campbell of Uxbridge is the guest of Mrs. Alma.

Miss Douglas of London is visiting Mrs. H.

Mrs. Alma.
Miss Douglas of London is visiting Mrs. H. Watt.
Miss Emily Morrison is the guest of Mrs. R.

Miss Emily Morrison
G. Dickson.
Mr. R. H. Bowes was among those who paid
friends in town a flying visit last Monday.
Mrs. Parsons of Galt, who has recently purchased the house adjoining that occupied by
Mr. Curtis of Buffalo, is spending a few weeks
at Mrs. Hewgill's.

chased the house adjoining that occupied by Mr. Curtis of Buffalo, is spending a few weeks at Mr. F. Geddes, of Knowles & Geddes, barristers, Hamilton, is visiting friends in town. The hop at the Queen's was not very largely attended last Saturday, owing in part, no doub', to the heavy downpour of rain, which lasted from early in the evening until late into the night. Those who were present, however, enjoyed Immensely the advantages of a not overcrowded room. Among others I noticed Mrs. Gus Thompson, Mrs. Webster, Mr. J. G. and Miss Dickson, Mr. Moffatt, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Deatty, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, the Misses Heward, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Ogllvy, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mr. W. A. Gale, Mr. S. Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Keating, Miss Bryce, Mr. Howard Winslow, the Misses Winnet, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Smith, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. F. and Miss Geddes, Mr. E. Ball, Capt. C. Milloy, Mr. S. Small, Mr. H. Watt, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. Read, Mr. E. Rogers Wilson. Miss M. Wood of St. Catharines is the guest

Wilson.
Miss M. Wood of St. Catharines is the guest
of Miss Beaven.
Mr. Leonard McMurray spent last Sunday at

The Misses Edith and Alice Heward left last Monday for Niagara Falls, where they will spend a week or two.

Mrs. F. Morson is visiting relatives in To-

ronto.

The Misses Phebe and Nannie Chittenden of Buffalo are at Riverside, the very pretty residence recently erected by Mrs. J. Chittenden on the site of the one destroyed by fire last

Ir. and Mrs. Davidson are stopping at Holmehurst.
Mrs. Howland and family are among the cot

tagers at Chautauqua.

the campus.

Galley.

Gagers at Chautauqua.

Galley.

Without doubt the pretitest and most pleasant At Home of the season was given by the Stanley Cricket Club at Chadingthan, the many competent of the season was given by the Stanley Cricket Club at Chadingthan, the many competent of the guests, and the spacious grounds all joining were thronged with young people, the Club, assisted Mrs. Chadwick to receive and the other young ladies of the Club entertained and provided the guests with reference the club, assisted Mrs. Chadwick to receive and the other young ladies of the Club entertained and provided the guests with reference the club, assisted Mrs. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and degiteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss lity, and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and eighteen. They are the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the age of twelve and the composed of twelveyoung girls between the composed of twelveyoung girls be

Just Ten Dollars Ahead. Joseph P. Lambert, a young and wealthy Chicago merchant who is now on his way home with a charming bride from San Francisco, had a little adventure while here that netted him

with a charming bride from San Francisco, had a little adventure while here that netted him \$10 in cash.

The prospective bridegroom stayed at the Palace Hotel, and while there the early part of one evening, just before his marriage, the heard an alarm of fire. There is nothing which appeals so vividly to the Chicago imagination as the claumor of the fire bell, and naturally enough this fellow abandoned the sweet thoughts that had been occupying his mind and rushed forth to the anticipated scene of destruction. It was a fire on Fourth street, an ordinary San Francisco conflagration, which could be distinguished in the electric light by the engines and the crowd. The Chicago man beheld it, and as he stopped—perhaps in eager expectancy of some great outburst of flame—couple of young women dashed up to him.

"Oh, save us, air! Save us!" cried one, throwing herself into the hero's arms.

"Yes, yes: save us!" chimed in the other, as she clung to the Chicago right arm.

The dreaded danger did not seem to materialize and when the Eastern merchant elicited the assertion that the girls were afraid of the fire,

TO CAMPING PARTIES LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines. Liquors and Aerated Waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of \$10 and upwards. Try our celebrated blende of whiskey-easy to take-and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly at-

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.

152 King Street East

TELEPHONE 618

TORONTO

N. B .-- Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, from \$3.75 per case and upwards, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our

he assured them that the safest plan would be to travel along up the street. There was no need of repeating the advice, for the timid creatures hurried away as if really on the wings of fright.

Then Lambert began to ponder, and before the pondering was fairly completed he discovered that two \$20 gold pleces had been taken from his trowsers pocket. It was too late to catch the women, and so the stranger idled over to Fifth street, thinking about the process. He went to Market street, and near the Baldwin Hotel he told of the robbery to a couple of policemen.

process. He went to Market street, and near
the Baldwin Hotel he told of the robbery to a
couple of policemen.

Presently the pair of pickpockets chanced
that way, demure and apparently happy. The
owner of the double eagles recognized the
women, and with Chicago boldness he stepped
before them.

"Give me my money!" he demanded.

The pickpockets were shocked. They said
they were insulted. They would have the rude
man arrested. But the rude man was firm.
He wanted his money, and, disregarding the
policemen, he would take it then and there.
That's what he said. Trouble was imminent,
when a male accomplice of the woman stepped
up. He saw the face of the adversary and then
he volunteered to pay the desired smount. He
counted out the gold.

"Now give me \$10 for my trouble," said the
visitor from Chicago, and it was given.

The pickpockets were then allowed to depart, though the two policemen saw the transaction. Lambert desired that no arrest be
made, and his wish was respected.

A Long Latin Sort of Word.

The father had come to the commencement xercises, and the son was showing the sights. "See that heavy-set fellow over there by the ump?" said the boy, as they passed through the campus.
"Yes; who's he?" responded the father, with

"Yes; who's he?" responded the father, with commendable curiosity.

"He's our champion football kicker; and that one he's talking to leads in baseball."

"Oh! And who's the tall chap with the lantern jaws?"

"He's our champion tennis player. Nobody in the state can swing a racquet in the same atmosphere he does."

"Proud of him?" ventured the father.

"You bet we are, and so we are of the darkhaired fellow down there by the gate. He's our crack oarsman and best all-around gymnast. Rare combination, but he's a corker, is Jimmie, "and the son threw a kiss to Jimmie." By the way," enquired the father, "who is valedictorian of the class this year?"

The son looked at his father questioningly.

"Valedictorian?" he asked.

"Yes; valedictorian," repeated the father.

"And what's that, I'd like to know?" came from the son next; and the father went right down to the first train out and got on board.—

Detroit Free Press.

And George's great heart yearned and broke then, for he had come to the trysting place without a horseshoe nail.

She Knew What To Do.

street, near the corner of Eight, she noticed a one-horse conveyance containing an elderly lady with a baby in her arms. The horse appeared to be ill at ease, and even while she stood there took fright at a passer-by waving something red in his hand. With a quick turn the animal made for the other side of the street and started to run. The woman in the conveyance, realizing the danger of her situation, screamed with all her might, and called some one to catch the horse. With the baby in her arms she could do nothing, and if the animal got under way probably death awaited them both.

There was no one near at the instant but Fannie Krause, and it seems almost providential that such was the case. She was quite equal to the emergency, and if there had been a score at hand they could not have done more, nor half so well. Quick as a flash she took in the situation, and making a wild dash for the escaping vehicle, reached it before it had gone twice the width of the street. She grasped the buggy box in the rear and leaped clear in behind the seat, then climbing over the seat caught hold of the lines, and in a half minute more had brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

Quite a crowd had gathered around by the time the vehicle had stopped, and were loud in their expressions of admiration of the young girl's pluck and presence of mind. When the owner of the conveyance came up and saw the narrow escape his wife and child had had, he was almost too frightened to speak, and could hardly express his gratitude to the young rescuer. He wanted to give her some money but she modestly refused it, and went on her way as if nothing had happened.—San Francisco Examiner.

Blacksnake and Rattler.

A thrilling fight between a blacksnake and a rattlesnake was witnessed on the Cummings A thrilling fight between a blacksnake and a rattlesnake was witnessed on the Cummings orange grove by a party of gentlemen from Daytona. For several weeks past a blacksnake about ten feet long has made its headquarters under an old crib on the grove, appearing occasionally but never allowing himself to be killed. He was as large around as one's wrist, and as fierce a looking fellow as one would want to encounter. The gentlemen were sitting under a large palmetto tree, enjoying the pleasant afternoon, when they noticed a rattle-snake creep slowly and cautiously out from a brush heap and coll himself with head in the air and eyes turned toward the party, as if to say, "Here I am." One gentleman seized a club, but the other persuaded him to delay his attack and watch the reptile for a while and see what it would do. They had a chance to size up the stranger, which was about six feet long and of a grayish striped color. In a few minutes the black snake was seen to appear from under the crib fifty feet distant and move slowly toward the rattlesnake.

"Now for a fight," said Mr. Bert Walker, and the party drew back to give the reptiles a full show. Noiselessly came the huge black fellow, carrying his head high in the air and occasionally dropping it, apparently studying the ground around which he was to make the

about the rattler's body and every few seconds he would give a squeeze that sent the rattler so much further toward his end.

In ten minutes the black hero dropped the body of his victim, drew himself up, took one last look, and then wound off into the brush. It was a rare and remarkable scene and thoroughly enjoyed by all of the party. One of the gentlemen raised up the dead rattler on a stick and found that he was terribly gashed and mangled. Like the boa constrictor, the blacksnake does not bite, but crushes out the life of its victim.—Florida Times.

Apropos of the Season.

Apropose if the Season.

"Edgar, love," said the bride, as the train moved away with them on their wedding journey, "I want you to make me one solemn promise."

"Haven't I just done that, my own?" counter-asked the bewildered bridegroom.

"But this is something else. I want you to promise that—that—"

"That I will never marry again if you should die?"

"That I will never marry again it you should die!"
"No, indeed. That you-always-will-be-good-to-dear-little-Fido."
The bridegroom said something, but it was lost in the rattle of the train, and the recording



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont. JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto



SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

WEDDING

Or the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION. Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

PENINSULAR Lake PARK HOTEL

Magnificent **OPEN** Summer Hotel The Finest in Canada JUNE 22

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H. RAY

Built at a Cost of \$50,000 Everything in First-Class Style

Electric Light, Electric Bells, Bowling Alley, Ballroom, 40 Acres Land, Lawn Tennis, Boating, Fine Bathing-house for Ladies, Bathing, Fishing. Boats regularly from Orillia and Barrie. For terms apply to

W. H. RAY, 32 Beatty Avenue, Toronto or to M. McCONNELL, 45 Colborne Street, Toronto

PACIFIC RY

Are now running a THROUGH **SLEEPER** from Toronto every

Tuesday and Friday Through the White Mountains

OLD ORCHARD

MAINE COAST

And to Kingston Wharf

Through Sleeper Every Night, except Sunday making direct connection with the R. & O. Steamers to

Montreal AND Quebec

Niagara Falls Line

Str. Empress of India Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 8 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo New York

and all points East. Through trains from Port Dalhousie, fast time. Tickets at all leading hotels and all G. T. R. and Empress ticket offices and on wharf. Family tickets for eale.

ST. CATHARINES, GRIMSBY AND TORONTO NAVIGATION CO. (Limited).

The first steamer LAKESIDE, Capt. Z. Murray, plying between Toronto and St. Catharines daily.

Leaves MILLOY'S WHARF, toot of Yonge Street at 3.40 p.m., arriving at Port Dalhousie at 6 p.m., in time for outgoing trains. Returning, issues 3t. Catharines, Norris' Wharf, at 8 a.m.; Port Dalhousie, 8.40 a.m., calling at piers, arriving in Toronto at 1.21 a.m. For despatch and Low Rates ship by this line. Cheap Excursion Wednesday and Saturday aftersoon at 2 p.m. Saturday tickes, good until Monday, 75c. Special rates to Moonlight and other excursion partice. For tickets (family tickets a specialty) and full information apply at Robinson & Heath's, 604 yonge Street; Milloy's Office, foot of Yonge Street; C. P. R. Offices, Board of Trade, and on the Boat.

J. T. MATTHEWS, Mgr., 505 Board of Trade. Tel. 2130.

Niagara River Line PALACE STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON

notion with New York Central and Michigan Cen-tral Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, 7, 11 a.m., 4 45 p.m.
Arrive Ningara, 9 10 a.m., 1 10, 4 10, 7 10 p.m.
Leaves Ningara 8 30, 11 a.m., 2 6 p.m.
Arrive Torusto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.
Tickets at all principal offices JOHN FOY, Manager



PROF. DAVIDSON The Fama and Chiropodist and Manicure
Has again setablished himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Mails should call and see the professor as

49 King Street West, Room ?



TE are now showing the largest and finest stock of Carriages, of all descriptions, in the Dominion. Call and inspect them. All work guaranteed. GANANOOUE CARRIAGE CO.

To My Patrons and the Public Generally:

Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.

HENRY A. TAYLOR No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto

FOR ROCHESTER

SS. CARMONA This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel stranger will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Turanto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 pm. Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East. Returning, leaving Charlotte avery Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This local has large state room accommodation, abin and every convenience for first-class passengers. Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at W. A. GEBBER, 00 Young Street, or on Wharf. P. S.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on dondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Apply to—
P. HCINTYRE, 54 Young Street. Poetry and Boarding

"Poetry, thou sylph divine," he rhapsodied in his seven-by-nine hall bedroom when there came a low but distinct rap at his door.

"Oh, dearest, may I call thee mine," he concluded his rhyming measure as he opened the door and fell into the arms of his landlady, who was a widow.

"Then this board bill is canceled," she said as she tore it up and flung her two hundred and fifty pounds of too, too solid flesh into his arms, which were aghast at receiving her. [That may not be the right word, but it sounds better than agape.]

"No more board bills," he murmured blist-fully, as he took in the situation, likewise the widow.

"And no more impseunious boarders in the

widow.

"And no more impecunious boarders in the hall bedroom." she said in a tone that made him wince; "this room shall bring in a weekly income of seven trade dollars."

"It shall," he said, "and we will collect in a vance, for you can never tell when a boarder will shir out."

will skip out."

And late that night he acted on his own suggestion, and the landlady is minus a boarder, a board bill and a prospective husband. The poetical youth had eloped with his muse.

Summer Resort.

The Penetanguishene Summer Hotel is now open. This is one of the most delightful spots in Canada for a summer outing. See adver-



A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestle's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat. THOS. LEETING & CO., Montreal,

MEDICAL.

A NDERSON & BATES

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist lephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toro

DR. PALMER

40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Mar-riage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from riage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Bathuret Sts. No witnesses required. 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathuret St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licen Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER DENTIST

249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College

M. W. SPARROW, L D.S , Dental Surgeon

. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto. Special attention paid to painless operating. DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Recome suits 23, Arcade, cor. Youge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with bis successors for a time. Hours 2 to 5. Tel. 2232

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S. Office-N. E. car. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Deutist 325 College Street Telephone 2278.

Ice Cream Soda

Pure Fruit Juices

Mineral Water on Draught.

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 Yonge St., Toronto

Exquisitely Cool Garments for Warm Weather

CAMBRIC AND SATEEN BLOUSES, the latest Russian style, with frilled collar and front, all colors, at 75c., \$1, \$1.25.

WHITE LAWN DITTO, 50c., 7Ec., \$1 to \$2.50

LADIES' TEA GOWNS, in Cream Delaines, with floral designs and charming effects, at \$9.50.



Also in Henrietta Cloth, with Cream Lace Trimmings, in all delicate summer tints, at \$10.

Another novelty is in Crepon Goods in Nile green, shrimp pink, pale blue, cream, &c., at \$12.50.

NOTE-We are clearing the balance of Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets at 50 p.c. off marked prices.

A special line of Sailor Hats, in cream, black and navy, fully trimmed,

R. WALKER & SONS

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BUTCHART—At Beaveron, Mrs. John R. Butchart—a son. HOWLAND—June 30, Mrs. Peleg Howland—a son. LORIMER—June 27, Mrs. B. D. Lorimer—a son. JACKSON—June 28 Mrs. Mr. Jackson—a son. FRASER—June 24, Mrs. D. M. Fraser—a son. Mumford—Dine 26, Mrs. J. Harry Mumford—a son McKEE—June 29, Mrs. G. W. McKee—a son. McDonneLL—July 2, Mrs. A. McDonnell—a daughter. MurPHY—June 30, Mrs. A. McDonnell—a daughter. THOMPSON—June 28, Mrs. A. E. Thompson—a son. Its Win—June, Mrs. H. J. Irwin—a son. Ds GRUCHY—June 28, Mrs. C. H. De Gruchy—a son. FERGUSON—July 1, Mrs. H. Ghy Ferguson—a daughter. SMITH—July 1 Mrs. E. F. Smith—a daughter. SMITH—July 1 Mrs. W. Wynne—a son. WALMSLEY—July 2, Mrs. W. Walmsley—a daughter. WYNNE—July 1, Mrs. W. Wynne—a son. MILES—July 1, Mrs. W. Walmsley—a daughter. GOOD—July 5, Mrs. H. J. P. Good—a son.

STRATHY-TEMPEST-June 29 Emilius Strathy to Eliza WRIGHT-PATON-June 30, John M. Wright to Mary E. Paton. CLIFF—COOPER—June 29, George J. Cliff to Elizabeth M. Cooper.
TUPPER—McLELAN—June 27, Samuel H. Tupper to
Caroline MoLelan.
ANGLIN—FRASER—June 29, Frank A, Anglin to Harriet J Fraser.
SLOMANS-NAISMITH-June 28, William Slomans to Maggie Naismith. HINES-PARSONS-June, James Hines to Elizabeth S. POOLE—WHITEHOUSE—June 30, Walter H. Poole to Minute E Whitehouse. RYAN—BREEN—June 29, James Ryan to Maria Breen. MILLS—TAYLOR—June 29, William S. Mills to Georgian S. Taylor
BASCOM—SHARP—June 29, Horace Bascom to Margaret BASCOM—SHARP—June 29, Horace Bascom to Margaret Sharp.

SHARP—CASSIDY—June 29, George W. Sharp to Emma L. Cassidy.

CURTIS—MILTON—June 30, J. Whittaker Curtis to Maggie B Milton
HENDERSON—JAMESON—June 30, T. K. Henderson to Phyllis Jameson.

MEARNS—ANGUS—Frank S. Mearns to Mima W. Angus.

MACLENNAN—WARD—June 30, Roderick J. Maclennan to Jean H. Ward.

RUSSELL—FINCH—June 29, Ivan J. Russell to Eva Finch. YOUNG—FIELDHOUSE—June 15, R. H. Young to Fiorence M. Fieldhouse.

McCARRON—DUGGAN—June 28, Martin McCarron to Minnie Duggao.

Minnie Duggao. WALSH-CLARKE-June 28, William Walsh to Helen M WALMSLY-CRIGHTON-June 30, Joseph Walmsley to Emma Crighton. SUTHERLAND—LINDSAY—July 2, J. Gordon Sutherland to Helen Lindsay. JOSE—CANAVEN—June 29, Thomas J:83 to Eliza Can-WADHAM-MITCHELL-June 29, J. seph Wadham to Elizabeth Mitchell.

MAHR- LILLIE-July 5, Robert Mahr to Alice M. Lillie.

HAWSON—BAKER—June 29, Harry B. Hawson to Margaret A. Baker. WRIGHT-DOUGAL-June 29, W. M. Wright to Annie

Deaths.

STINSON—June 28, Thomas H. Stinson, aged 31.
McCLELLAND—July 4, Margaret L McClelland, aged 42.
JAMIESON—July 3, Algernon Jamieson, aged 18
WINGFIELD—July 2, Martha L. Wingfeld, aged 14.
BEARD—July 2, Lucinda A Beard aged 32. WINGFIELD—July 2, Martha L. Wingfield, aged 14.

BEARD—July 2, Lucinda A. Beard, aged 28.

CHARLTON—June 20, Clarence C. Chariton, aged 2

SLOAN—June 29, Ide E. Sloan, aged 1.

CURRIE—June 23, Hector M. Currie, aged 10.

GRANT—July 8, Mary Grant, aged 29.

SIBBALD—June 29, Mary Sibbatd, aged 79.

GIBB—June 29, Esther Gibb, aged 39.

COADY—July 2, Sather fibb, aged 39.

GODN ALD—Mary McDonald, aged 76.

McDON ALD—Mary McDonald, aged 76.

McDON ALD—Mary McDonald, aged 78.

McPHADEN—June 20, May Sparrowhawk, aged 1.

McPHADEN—June 20, May Sparrowhawk, aged 1.

McPHADEN—July 3, Peter McCallum.

BHEPPARD—July 5, Estha Rheppard, aged 68.

MANN—July 2 Ada Mann, aged 21.

MCOALLUM—June 1, Niel McCallum, aged 76.

STEVENSON—July 1, Mrs. Stevenson, aged 48.

MANN—SULW—July 1, Mrs. Stevenson, aged 48.

MANLEY—July 1, Berham F. Manley, aged 28.

SCOTI--July 2, Berhan R. Sucta, aged 28.

SLATTENY—July 5, Michael Slattery, aced 60.

SMART—July 4, William T. Smart, aged 26.

SMARET—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 75.

WILLIAMS—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 75.

WILLIAMS—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 77.

WILLIAMS—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 77.

WILLIAMS—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 78.



China and Glass Hotel and Bar Goods

WILLIAM JUNOR 109 King Street West, Toronto

(ESTABLISHED 1844)

49 King St. East, Toronto

Wedding Presents

ORNAMENTS IN

Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Davenport, Doulton, Royal Carlsbad, Capa demonte Ware.

Venetian Glass Grnaments

English and American Cut Glass

The largest and best assortment in the Dominion, at close prices.

Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Spoons, etc.

Piano Lamps, English Silk Shades

Banquet Lamps, English Silk Shades Oxydized Table Lamps, Eng. Silk Shades

GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE IMPORTERS

Ladies, save yourselves worry and annoyance by using

SPOOL SILK



The recognized standard brand of the American Continent for the last half century.

SPECIAL SUMMER SALE

Pianos and Organs

In order to clear our warerooms for New Fall Stock in September next, we have decided to mark down the prices on all our second-hand stock. This stock comprises about forty good Square Pianos by Stodart, Chickering, Vose, Hardman, Decker and other eminent American makers at prices of from \$50 upwards. Also about sixty good Melodeons and Organs at prices of from \$15 upwards. Our main feature is in our first-class second-hand Upright Pianos. Prices astonishingly low and rates remarkably easy.

Mason & Risch

32 King Street West, Toronto

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND

UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

117 King Street West, Toronto Warerooms:

AVING completed a very successful season in catering for the wants of our patrons who have gone to Europe, we have now time to turn our attention to the requirements of customers who intend to patronize the

LAKE TRIPS, ETC.

To meet this object we have made some small trunks in every respect first-class in quality and pattern, but in a reduced size, suitable for ladies who intend leaving home for a short time only, but still require something larger than a Gladstone bag.

Call and see our assortment.

E. CLARKE & CO. 105 King Street West

Closes on Saturday at 1 p.m.



Telephone to 1127

and have your laundry go to the PARISIAN"

BUY THE



Celebrated Lehigh Valley

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v.

PARK LIVERY

173 and 175 McCaul Street Viotorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Hornes and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery. TELEPHONE 783 W. J. MUNSHAW, Prop.

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S

Carminative Mixture

8. HOWARTH - Druggiet 243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

J. YOUNG LEADING UNDERTAKER 347 Yonge Street, Toront-TELEPHONE etc.

